

# CHATELAIN

JANUARY • 1940  
TEN CENTS



*In This Issue:* **MISS DRAPER SERVES HER COUNTRY** *By Marguerite Steen*

# As an Editor Sees it—

by **BYRNE HOPE SANDERS**



## CHATELAINÉ

VOL. 13.

No. 1.

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THE New Year has always seemed to me to be the most personal festival of the entire calendar—particularly for women. Christmas means plans for the family. So, as a matter of fact, do all the other major events of the year. But each one of us, in the final analysis, must meet the potentialities of a New Year alone. Our scrutiny of the past for weaknesses and our optimism for the future must, in their initial development, lie within our own heart and mind and soul. More so than ever with this incredible year, 1940, at hand.

As a magazine, *Chatelaine* turns with you toward it, with a very real sense of our responsibility in helping you to meet 1940 in your very best manner. The ambitions of all of us who prepare the magazine for you—and that means several hundreds of workers—will be realized if you reach for it in anticipation, and remain with it in enjoyment.

Among early features destined to make that hope come true is a short three-part serial by Mary Frances Doner, "In Lieu of Fee." The theme of the story is one I have never seen anywhere else, and I'd be interested in knowing if you have. A family doctor wonders what has happened to the people he brought into the world. How have their lives materialized? What justification have they given for the opportunity of living? He selects a small group—picking the names from a hat. The crosscurrents of drama which merge into a crashing climax because of this strange gathering make a com-

elling novel. It's worth waiting for.

During the year we will bring you the names of many new authors, as well as more work of your favorites. Many articles of national importance will be featured. The one presented this month dealing with the new market in the United States for fine handicrafts, because of the loss of European sources of

supply, is particularly important, I think, because it offers one solution to the economic upheaval which may follow the war. Further angles of this vast scheme will be discussed from time to time. Meanwhile I urge you to take an active interest in its possibilities.

Since so many of our thoughts are concerned with England these days, it is natural to find echoes of them in this magazine. I enjoyed particularly the letters of the young English actress, Davina Craig, who recently visited Canada. Her letters, written with no thought of publication at all, give a delightfully fresh impression of English life under war conditions. They have, too, an intimacy of expression difficult to reproduce in the usual type of magazine article. Would you like more letters from Davina? I hope that you and the whole family are enjoying the W. Heath Robinson pictures for "The Enchanted Castle." You'll find them in full color on page eighteen.

And so—to all those of you who have known and liked us in the past, and to those of you who are receiving the magazine for the first time—all good wishes for the New Year. We plan to make it a year of close harmony with the matters that interest you most—the things you talk about with your friends; the upbringing of your children; the care and feeding of your family; your own beauty and charm; the planning you do with your husband for the most efficient and economical running of your home. All these and their related interests will be included in the list of contents for 1940. ☆



Are you planning to build or remodel your home?



Do you know what type of beauty products are best?

Every Issue in the New Year Will Be Planned to Meet the Various Phases of Your Home Life and Personal Interests.



Do you make the most of the nutritive food values?



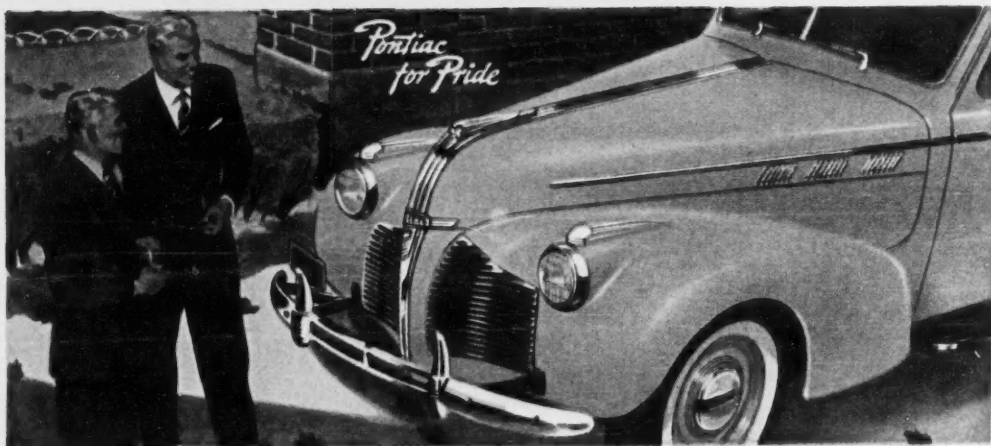
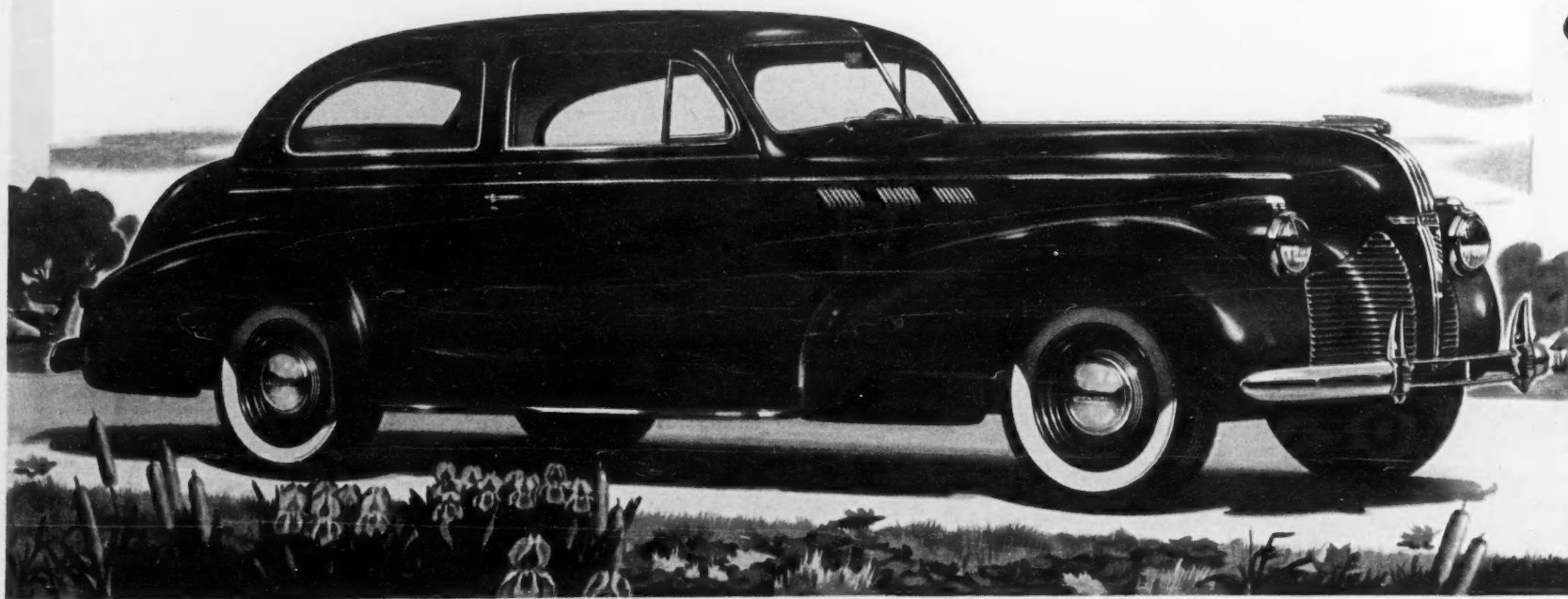
Are you interested in monthly discussions on child care?



What topics of the day do you discuss with friends?



# For Pride and Performance Choose *Pontiac* this Year!



**N**O CAR CAN MAKE you happy unless you can drive it with pride. And no car can *keep* you happy unless it's a great performer. That's why you ought to choose a 1940 Pontiac.

It's a big, beautiful, luxurious car—so handsome and distinctive it gets the spot-light at the smartest spots. The front end looks like a setting for some gigantic jewel. Chromium sparkles everywhere. It's a sight for the sightseers if there ever was one.

And what a performer! Once at the wheel, you'll never be happy anywhere else. It has power to spare. It's smooth; it's quiet; it's trigger-quick on acceleration. Yet it is as gentle as a lamb and as obedient as a well-trained pointer.

There are 27 Pontiac models this year—sixes and eights in 5 price ranges—and prices start right down with the lowest. One of them will make you proud and happy. Get it today!

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

**Pontiac**  
CANADA'S FINEST  
LOW-PRICED CAR





We have yet to try an air-raid alarm, as we missed the early ones in Devon—but I'm told they are a jolly business, except for some people, like the Waywards, who gaily slept through until the all-clear sounded! Or dear Uncle Charlie, who said, "Oh, blast," and turned over and went to sleep; but was found some hours later, lying happily asleep with his gas mask on! Query: Where does his beard go?

Our village is much exercised over the gas mask problem. To wear or not to wear. In the centre of London it is, of course, quite compulsory, and you are ordered home if you venture out without it, but here some feel a bit self-conscious with the box slung round them. However, I think we should all carry one, just as a matter of course—not that we are likely to have any gas attacks here—but you never can tell. Anyway gas floats about, doesn't it?

BICYCLES are in constant demand. Daddy and I have resurrected ours. Yesterday we bought a second-hand one for mother, a super affair with three speed gears, and all for £2. It really is a bargain, and mother is quite thrilled at the thought of starting her bicycling days again. She is jolly good at it still, and except for a spot of trouble with free wheeling (she has to check a tendency to coast with her feet on the handle bars à la naughty nineties!) is a real expert.

Everyone seems to have leaped into uniform, and even I have been roped in to man the telephone at two-hour shifts. Apparently it has to be constantly attended, and I've been asked to be at the sandbagged air wardens' shelter starting on Thursday from one to four. It seems if there is a raid I get the news ten minutes before the alarms

go off—and the second I get the word I have to ring up all the wardens. Oh, dear! I hope if anything happens while I'm on duty I'll be able to manage all right. Wouldn't it be humiliating if I went all awful and panicky, or, even worse, if I rang up all the wardens and they refused to believe me? "No, really," I can hear myself stuttering, while they respond, "Don't be ridiculous, Davina."

Delia came down last week-end, very gay and thoroughly enjoying herself, war or no war. Full of beaux and gaiety, which she carries on with in spite of blackouts and so on! Poor old Jay is back from Cornwall, staying with relations, and is,



My bit of war work.

like me, a thorough misfit in war. Utterly hating it! You've simply got to be the sporty young thing in uniform to enjoy it. Oh, I wish I were a nice plushy Victorian! Donald, who is in the Engineers, tells us his beloved has got herself into the War Office. There, for one shilling and threepence a day, she works in eight-hour shifts in an electric-lighted basement. Can't come out of uniform, can't stay out later than half past nine, sleeps on the floor with three other girls and is fed at the rate of fourpence per meal per person! Her only relaxation is an hour's drilling a day; but with indomitable enjoyment she maintains "The Army is the Life." So, you see, some of us see it one way, and some another. Nevertheless, don't imagine we less enthusiastic creatures go glooming about—as a matter of fact we are quite jolly in a restrained way. Not the jollying wild whoopee one connects with 1914, but a quiet cheerfulness!

Well, I must get the bath filled and the sandbags out, 'tis bedtime,

Love, Davina.

☆ Continued on page 21



Everybody has leapt into uniforms, and on to bicycles.



## Just how *"safe"* are Mother's Arms?

Love can't keep out germs . . . it takes constant watchfulness "Lysol" will help in many cases.

BABY trusts in Mother's arms to protect her from the dangers of this strange big world! But even Mother's love can't keep out germs.

One of the important defenses against the risk of Infection is constant, daily hygienic cleanliness. "Lysol" is a valuable aid in achieving hygienic cleanliness, in hundreds of leading hospitals, thousands of modern homes.

"Lysol" disinfectant is efficient, effective, economical; does not lose

strength no matter how long you keep it, or how often you uncork it (as some products do). "Lysol" is concentrated; an active germicide even diluted with 100 parts of water.

You can get "Lysol" at any drug counter. Directions for many uses with each bottle.



1889-1939  
50th ANNIVERSARY

Keep your Home "Hospital Clean" the Hospital Way...DISINFECT!



#### IN DAILY CLEANING

Disinfect as you clean—use "Lysol" in the water, to mop floors, walls; to wipe furniture, stair rails, door-knobs, etc.; and to rinse brooms, mops, and cleaning cloths, daily.

#### IN THE BATHROOM

Keep your bathroom wholesomely clean, wash floor, tiling, tubs, toilet, wash basin daily, with "Lysol" in the water. "Lysol" deodorizes as it cleans and disinfects.

#### IN THE KITCHEN

Where the family's food is prepared hygienic cleanliness is vitally important. Use "Lysol" in cleaning sink, drainboards, shelves, etc., and to rinse garbage pail regularly every day.

#### IN THE LAUNDRY

Especially during sickness, disinfect the laundry. Clean washing machine, wringer, etc., with a "Lysol" solution; let laundry soak overnight in water with "Lysol" added.

#### GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK (CANADA) LIMITED, Dept. 115  
9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me the book "Lysol vs. Germs", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A  
COLD OR SORE THROAT



**LISTERINE-  
QUICK!**



**T**HIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

#### **Eight Years of Research**

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

#### **Kills "Secondary Invaders"**

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

#### **Reductions Ranging to 96.7%**

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back

on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Co., (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

#### **NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!**



The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

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Montreal	CFCF	Sunday	6-6:30 P.M.
Ottawa	CBO	Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.
Sudbury	CKSO	Wednesday	8:30-9 P.M.
Toronto	CFRB	Sunday	6:30-7 P.M.
Winnipeg	CKY	Friday	7-7:30 P.M.

#### **"DRUMS" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM**

Charlottetown	CFCY	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Fredericton	CFNB	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Kirkland Lake	CJKL	Tuesday	7:30-8 P.M.
North Bay	CFCH	Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Sydney	CJCB	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Timmins	CKGB	Tuesday	7:30-8 P.M.

## THE LETTERS OF DAVINA

*Written to Canadian relatives by the  
young English actress, Davina Craig*

Darling,

Don't be worried about us. We are now living on the fringe of London and must make the best of things.

It may comfort you to know that our district, while it is not a reception area, (where people are evacuated to) is not an evacuation area, either, but neutral. It is not a Military Objective, and is on the West of London, which is a good thing! So far the greatest change is the night. At seven o'clock in every household the blacking-out begins. To people in Canada it may sound such a tiny thing, just to have to cover your windows properly; but you try, on a dark night, to obliterate every chink and cranny, particularly in an odd-angled cottage like this. It's an awful job. For the drawing-room we have made beaver board panels that fit snugly into the window frames. They are protective for glass splintering too, and we have decided to sit in there if there is a raid. Under the piano, per-

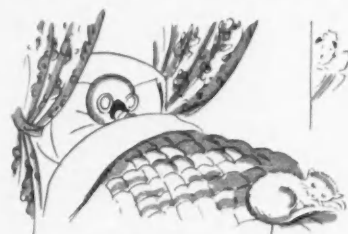
England.

each householder sallies forth into the street and checks the result. It's all very friendly out there, as we meet and offer each other constructive criticism. Then the streets are left, pools of darkness, with only the prowling A.R.P. wardens, balancing their tin hats insecurely on their heads, patrolling the village searching for uncovered lights.

No one goes out much at night; there are no cinemas except in the afternoon, and anyway the streets are deathtraps as the cars may only show the merest slits of light, and feel their way along by means of the white lines that are painted along the middle of every road in England. How they had the patience to paint the lines that flow along the everlasting roads that run over Salisbury Plain, I don't know. However, only those who simply *bare* to go somewhere risk it—the rest sit at home, in the stuffy airlessness, and wait and wait and wait. Sometimes we take a little walk round the village. It's so dark that a passer-by with a cigarette almost makes you jump! We don't even get any excitement out of the wireless—there is only one station now, the BBC Home Service—and when that is not doling out cinema organ recitals or news it goes in for cooking hints. I honestly heard this priceless gem: "You will all want to know how to serve the prunes that you have laid in. Well, here is an appetizing and original way. Roll a prune in a strip of bacon, now smother it in batter, and fry in deep fat!" I ask you, if raids were so bad that the food shortage drove us to prunes, who would have the bacon, batter, time or stomach for such a confection!

It's early to bed for England now. Before we tuck ourselves in we are supposed to fill the bath with water, in case the water supply is turned off and we have to deal with an incendiary bomb. Mother's boudoir is filled with shovels and pails of sand for the same cheerful business. Mr. Blackfield, next door, has an enormous hose, and we have arranged that should anyone need help down our end of Vicarage Lane we are to ring a dinner bell out of the window, and all will rush to the aid of the burning one. He will be particularly in demand with his hose. In Blacksmith's Yard there is a large sandbagged erection with mobile fire-fighting appliance, manned night and day. What all this must cost the country!

So much for our nights of glamour.



Uncle lay happily asleep with his gas mask on!

haps, as it has a steel frame and should make a perfect shelter!

Upstairs we have blinds and heavy curtains, and, oh, the airless stagnation that pervades the English home after nightfall! The bathroom has to be permanently blacked out as we can't climb up to the roof every night to test the efficiency of the brown paper covering on the skylight. The staircase window sports a large, lined, cross-stitch Union Jack that I once embroidered—I can't think why—but it has come into its own at last. We pin it up with thumbtacks every night—and, by the way, talk of profiteering, thumbtacks are the price of anyone's honor these days—and scarce commodities!

The skylight in the kitchen is covered by a large board, which announces to any enemy airman that "This Desirable Freehold Property is for Sale"—it was left behind when we bought the house, and is a perfect fit. After the blacking-out is done,



## Chatelaine for JANUARY

In five minutes the kids were swarming all over the street, and the market square, and the village green.

# Miss Draper Serves Her Country

by MARGUERITE STEEN

WHEN Miss Draper walked into the committee room and said she would be pleased if they'd put her name down for two—or three, if they were guaranteed nice and well-behaved—evacuee children, it took us all our time to keep our eyes from falling out of our heads. You see, it was rather as if your maiden aunt had offered to house a litter of lion cubs; you felt, either that she had gone right out of her mind, or else she didn't understand what she was letting herself in for. You felt it wouldn't be right to take advantage of her ignorance—or you might have felt like that, if you had not shared the opinion of nine out of ten inhabitants of Little Weeding; that whatever Miss Draper got she had asked for, having for the last quarter of a century contended for the honors of local killjoy with her neighbor and enemy, Miss Hornblow.

Quite a few of us felt as well that it was not fair to the children, who, no matter what kind of little ruffians they might turn out to be, could hardly deserve their ill luck in being billeted on a person like Miss Draper. At the same time, we all saw what lay behind it.

From the eldest to the youngest inhabitant, there is not one who could not contribute something to the history of the Draper-Hornblow feud, which used to enliven the long winter evenings and keep things bright and gossipy in the Institute. I don't believe anyone knows how it started, but its motor power lay in the malicious determination of two old ladies who, having nothing better to do, were set each on making herself the governing power in Little Weeding.

Miss Hornblow had the Hall, which gave her an advantage; but her old father, who broke his neck in the hunting field in 1897,



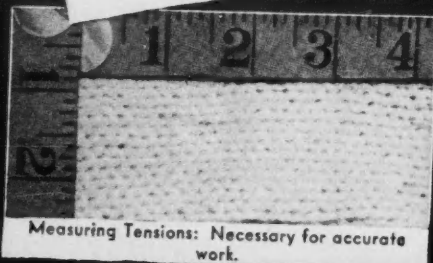


# BIG NEW KNITTING BOOK

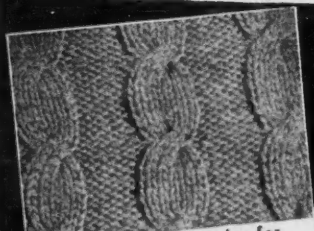
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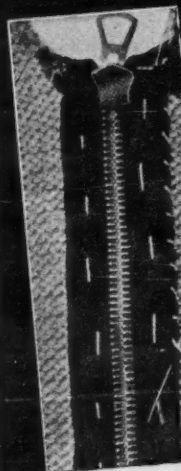
A First Step: Plain and Purl Knitting.



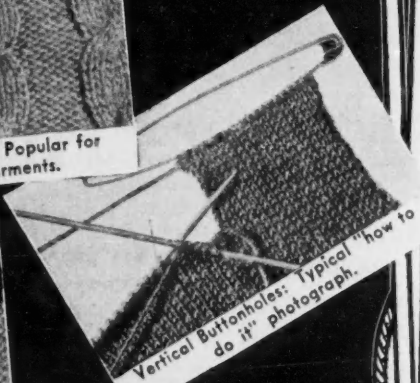
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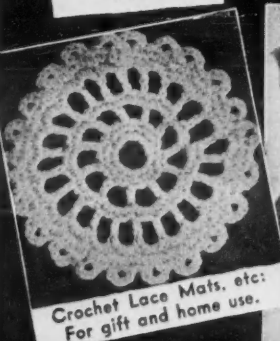
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Just off the presses and released for sale throughout the Empire, "Modern Home Knitting" is offered to readers of *Chatelaine* at the surprisingly low price of **Only \$1.50**; and is a book that cannot be duplicated anywhere for several times that amount.

## "PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING"

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You Have to See It to Appreciate It!

An advance copy of "Modern Home Knitting" was handed to an experienced knitter for inspection and comment: a woman who has for many years Knit and Crocheted for her own children and her children's children. She was intensely interested in it, and said: "I like 'Modern Home Knitting' because there are so many new ideas in it; it certainly is up-to-date in every way. I found so many 'tips' which will make my Knitting and Crocheting more successful. It's crammed with material I have never found in any other Knitting Book."

"Modern Home Knitting" is so different—so superior to anything of its kind we have ever seen, that we find it difficult to describe the book with full justice.

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The few "how to do it" photographs shown are greatly reduced from actual size of appearance in "Modern Home Knitting."

### Here Are a Few of the Subjects Covered:

**KNITTING**—socks and stockings, turning heel, finishing toe. Knitting tools, wools, other kinds of thread, care of wool and needles, useful gadgets, decreasing, increasing, joining wool, casting off, measuring tensions, ribbing, mechanical shaping, shaping by casting on and off, shaping side seams, armholes, shoulders, etc. Zigzag patterns, pleat effects, scalloped edges, instructions for picking up stitches, cable stitch, checkered and lace patterns and knitting with more than one colored wool. Baby clothes, inset and patch pockets, fastenings and inserting zipper fasteners, accessories such as scarves, gloves, toques, etc. A man's vest, woollen panties, skirts for small girls, jersey suits for boys, skating outfits, dresses, sweaters, cardigans, etc. Blocking and pressing, altering, re-knitting, knitting from dressmaker's pattern and hundreds of other suggestions.

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MHK

Miss Hornblow is a big woman, broad and heavy—mannish, I'd call her. She came out of the porch, with little Miss White tottering after her, and charged down toward the gate, pushing everybody out of her way—which was her polite habit. There was a bit of muttering, but no signs of a scene, and she'd just got as far as the gate, when she caught sight of Miss Draper, who'd been detained by the rector's wife and was having a word with her. All of a sudden, Miss Hornblow pushed her face forward right into Miss Draper's, and, not caring who was listening or looking on, shouted at her the one word, "Traitor!" before bungling into her car and giving the chauffeur the word to drive on. The breath was taken out of everybody's lungs, and before we'd recovered, Miss Draper scuttled through the crowd and was away off down the road as if a bull were after her. Yet I don't believe she was frightened. I believe she wanted to get away before we'd all seen the excitement and the triumph in her face.

NOW, FOR the next part of the tale I'm indebted to Maggie Punchard, who's pretty reliable on the whole, and anyhow, no fancy could be stranger than the facts I'm about to give you.

On Monday morning, it seems Miss Draper had a real attack of nerves, and it took Maggie all she knew, with cups of tea and a bit of scolding, to keep her from rushing along to tell us she couldn't have the children after all. Even the name of Miss Hornblow wasn't enough to put heart into her, and there was one moment, round about half past eight in the morning, when she sat down in the kitchen and cried bitterly, saying she must have been mad, ever to think she could take on such a responsibility; and she wasn't really pulled round by the time the buses came rolling into the village, each one full as an egg with the children, and voluntary helpers, and one rather confused young woman in charge of the lot.

In five minutes the kids were swarming all over the street, and the market square, and the village green. Well, perhaps swarming isn't the right word. They were lined up like soldiers, and it would have taken a pretty hard-hearted person not to have been touched by all those greeny-white little faces, pipstems legs and patchwork outfits—not to mention the gas masks, which seemed an outrage on nature when you saw them slung over those skinny little shoulders. Each kid had some sort of a bundle, and a label with name and address tied onto the front of his clothes, and, taking them by and large, they were as good as gold, and made no sort of fuss when we started sorting them out for their separate destinations.

Maggie Punchard was standing at the kitchen window—as she couldn't leave Miss Draper, still in a state of agitation after her attack of hysterics—and presently she cried out, "Here they are, mum!"

"Oh, Maggie, how many?" asked Miss Draper, too scared to look.

"There seems to be five," says Maggie, after counting.

"Five! I said three at the very most!" cried Miss Draper, nearly going off in a faint.

"Two extra won't make all that difference," says Maggie, and ran to the door to let them in.

The young woman who brought them was very apologetic.

"I'm so sorry, but we got landed with these two at the last moment. Do you think you could manage them as well?"

Maggie is a warmhearted girl, and, having taken a look at the young

visitors, she knew that, Miss Draper or no Miss Draper, she couldn't send them away. So she brought them—all five—into the kitchen.

THERE WERE two little girls, age about eight and nine, and a little boy, who looked a year or two younger. These three, according to their labels, belonged to the same family and were sisters and brother. The others were much tinier; they were hardly more than toddling, and they clutched each other's hands as much to keep their balance as for company; and, although the three other children were reasonably clean and tidy, those two were dirtier than anything Maggie—let alone Miss Draper—had ever seen in her life!

"Oh, Maggie!" said Miss Draper faintly.

The little boy grinned upward with surprising intelligence, and winked an eye at her.

"They don't 'arf smell, do they, miss?"

"Are they your little brother and sister?" gasped Miss Draper.

"No fear!" He and his sisters appeared to be insulted

by the suggestion. "Don't know 'oo they are! Bloomin' East End kids, aincher?" he threw at the scared nippers, one of whom instantly started to howl.

"You shut up, and don't start bullying littler folks than yourself," said Maggie, who'd had plenty of practice with her brothers. Then she bent down to try and read what was on the kids' labels (which both of them had been sucking), and what she saw—well, Maggie isn't squeamish, but it made her catch her breath sharply, and she said to Miss Draper:

"The sooner I get these two in the bath, mum, the better!"

"You don't mean—" says Miss Draper.

"I do," says Maggie, "and thank goodness there's a good fire in the stove, for we'd better shove these rags in as soon as we get them off."

This last shock seemed to paralyze Miss Draper. She sat like a block of stone in her chair, while Maggie got buns and milk for the elder children and sat them down at the kitchen table, telling them not to move until she came downstairs. Then ☆ Continued on page 27



With Albert and Gladys tucked under, she dashed into the kitchen. "Have you got the labels?" She shouted. "We don't know who they are!"





*Out of England comes this compelling story of the chaos wrought by a group of evacuated children*

Illustrated by Kay Avery

had made his fortune in dry goods, which exposed her to the contempt of Miss Draper, all of whose people had been in the Diplomatic services. Diplomatic or not, they'd only left her enough to live in a very small way, and old Hornblow had done his girl well. Dry goods seems to go farther than diplomacy.

Well, it would only bore you if I were to tell you the silly tricks those two old maids used to play on each other: each striving to get the better of her enemy, and things levelling out pretty equal on the whole. There was a double strip of fencing, about a couple of feet wide, between Miss Draper's little back garden and the grounds of the Hall, and somebody christened this No Man's Land. Miss Draper's celery trenches and the plantation of poplars just inside the Hall grounds were respectively the Maginot and the Siegfried lines, and there was quite a bit of sniping between Miss Draper's staff—that was young Maggie Punchard from the post office—and Twigg, undergardener at the Hall. Crump, the head gardener, was too grand to take notice; or, perhaps, being a decent chap, he was a bit sensitive about his mistress's unpopularity. Yes, of the two, Miss Hornblow was the more dislikable; she had a harsher manner than Miss Draper, and considerably more brains.

IT WAS young Maggie, so we heard later, who took the news to Miss Draper about the commotion that had just taken place at the Hall. That girl hears everything and her tongue wags like a pendulum. She got it from Twigg, who had it from Simmons in the stillroom, who got it—but I needn't tell you how news spreads in a place like Little Weeding. The rector and I had wanted to keep it quiet as long as we could—for the sake of example—but it was all over the village the same night and a nice lot of chatter it made, not to mention ill feeling and discontent, which was just what we'd wanted to avoid at an awkward time like that.

You see, the rector and I were on this billeting committee, with two or three more, and we'd had notice that we were expected to find room in the village for a hundred and fifty evacuee kids from the East End of London. Well, the population of Little Weeding's not much over four hundred, all told, and this was a facer for everybody—though I'd like to say that so far as villagers and gentry went, they took it very well, considering. The rector's wife put herself down right away for ten, and others were equally generous. So after we'd made our calculations, the rector and I went up to the Hall to see Miss Hornblow. The rector thought twenty-five was a reasonable number, and I thought thirty, at least. There was nobody in that big house but Miss Hornblow and her elderly companion, Miss White, and the servants—some of whom would no doubt be leaving to do war work. Going up the drive, I counted the first-floor windows, and was just thinking that there'd be room for fifty at a pinch, when Miss Hornblow, who happened to be snipping the heads off the roses on the upper lawn, caught sight of us and came over to ask us what we'd come for.

An angry woman's a sight I've never been partial to. It's nasty to see how rage disfigures the female features—and Miss Hornblow hadn't anything to give away in the way of good looks. She was purple as beetroot before she'd finished, and her voice shrieked like an engine in a

tunnel. She would not take one evacuee, she kept on repeating. She was not going to have her property damaged by a lot of East End rabble. When the rector tried to point out that we were only acting for the Government, which was commandeering the billets, she turned on him like a tigress.

"No Government's going to commandeer my property against my will, and I'll have the whole place locked up if necessary, to defend my rights as a private citizen!"

And, believe me or not, she did it! Nothing the rector could say, about charity and what the Bible says about little children, would make her alter her mind, and finally we had to come away and try to think of other places for the kids. I must say I was sorry for Crump, when he came down the village that night. He went to the ironmonger's, and though he came out with a parcel well wrapped up, everybody guessed what was in it, and there were one or two boos as he went down the street. Next morning there were chains and padlocks on all the Hall gates, and the tradesmen were told to leave their goods at the lodge. That was the morning Miss Draper walked in with her surprising offer.

WE WERE all feeling bad, and just about at our wit's end over the billeting. There were forty kids for whom we could find neither hole nor corner, and there'd been a lot of unpleasantness with several of the village people, who, quite naturally, didn't see why they should be put out and inconvenienced when others better placed than themselves refused to carry their share of the burden. Maggie Punchard's mother, who is a very outspoken woman, had been in and said if something wasn't done about the Hall, she and some of the other women would break their way through the fencing and give Miss Hornblow a taste of what was due to her. Naturally we didn't want an open scandal in the village, but we couldn't help sympathizing with Mrs. Punchard, and we realized there was a very nasty atmosphere blowing up that wasn't going to make it any easier for the evacuees when they came along.

We hadn't so far planted anyone on Miss Draper—partly because she had only a tiny little house, knew nothing whatever about children and, in fact, had often shown her dislike of them and her impatience with childish pranks; and partly because Dr. Parker had advised us about two or three of his patients—of whom Miss Draper was one—that, except in case of absolute necessity, he did not recommend placing children with people who had neither the physical strength nor the temperament to deal with them. But, being run in a corner by Miss Hornblow's refusal, we accepted Miss Draper's offer gratefully—and I shall never forget the gleam of absolute triumph that lit up her eye when the rector put her name down on his list! I could have laughed, for it was as plain as a pikestaff. It was the first time that Miss Draper had brought off a big public score against her enemy, and she was ready to burst with the satisfaction of it.

The rector thanked her warmly, and congratulated her on setting so good an example, and you could see her preening herself like a cock bird on a spring morning. The news went round like wildfire, and I warrant Miss Draper never had so many smiles and nods and "Good mornings" in her life as she did when she walked down the street. It was surprising how her action, when it

became known, pacified a lot of people who had been inclined to be discontented and peevish, and to feel they weren't being fairly treated. If Miss Draper could take in evacuees, then anybody could, seemed to be the general feeling.

Here and there, folks who had already had their billets filled, came forward to say they thought they could manage another one or two. We'd got the whole lot parked out by nine o'clock that night, and when Maggie Punchard came home and said she wanted to go on war work, her mother boxed her ears and told her she wasn't going to do as she liked because there was a war on; her war work was to help Miss Draper out with her evacuees. And one or two of the women sent their girls round to say that if Maggie couldn't manage the kids and the housework and all, they'd be glad to do their bit.

You'd have thought the whole village had gone angelic overnight! Miss Draper went about looking like a mixture of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale. Maggie kept her from making too much of a fool of herself—she's practical, is Maggie—and saw to the ordering in. The pair of them spent the week-end covering up and putting away everything of value in the house—and they were so busy that it was actually Sunday afternoon before they got the news that the whole staff of the Hall had given notice in a bunch, as a protest against Miss Hornblow's unpatriotic behavior. And there was Miss Hornblow with no one to wait on her, or look after her, but old Miss White, who, poor thing, was quite simple-minded, thanks to the bullying she had continually to put up with from her employer.

NOW, I won't say that Miss Draper went to church that night deliberately to give thanks for her triumph over her enemy. I'll only remark that it was not her habit to go to the evening service, but that she was there in her place just as the bell stopped ringing, and so, to the amazement of the village, was Miss Hornblow. For hard-faced impudence, there was surely nothing to beat that woman's demeanor, as she sat with a half-smile, half-sneer on her face, listening to the rector's sermon on the text, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me." She seemed—it's hard to describe—almost as though she was jeering at, or defying, the rector, about something. And what with Miss Hornblow all threatening one side of the aisle, and Miss Draper all smug on the other, and the village all agog and never taking its eyes off the pair of them, it's to be feared the rector's sermon didn't do much good to anybody that evening.

Ordinarily, everybody clears off pretty sharp after evensong, to have their supper and go to bed; but the whole congregation clustered between the porch and the lich gate—where Miss Hornblow's closed car was standing (the chauffeur not having yet been called up). One or two of us older and more responsible folks tried to get them to shift, because a churchyard isn't a suitable place after all for a demonstration of ill feeling against somebody. But they wouldn't be shifted, and the first of the two people for whom they were waiting to come out was Miss Draper—rather pink in the face and nervous, yet pleased-looking and self-satisfied. Nobody took much notice of her, however—until Miss Hornblow emerged.

# Nothing Begins Today

stunt. Anyhow she was back in a grand show, and David Gretorex was at Longspere and officially engaged to Miss Elinor Reeves—daughter of Sir George Reeves, of Crestview Manor. They were to be married in the autumn. If David had any doubts on the matter, there were their pictures in the illustrated society weeklies to convince him. Elinor looked lovely. He didn't recognize himself at all. But probably people never recognized themselves. Only they knew how different they were.

Nurse Benson, having no interest in normal temperatures, went to her home in Sydenham, and the doctor, after one or two professional warnings to which Hedgely had listened with an unreasonably anxious face, had paid his last call. There was nothing to do but be David Gretorex again and do the things that David Gretorex had always done.

At eleven o'clock the stableman brought round his mare, Sally, and he rode over to the Reeves' estate where Elinor and her groom met him. Then the groom rode discreetly home, and Elinor and David made their familiar way to the downs and galloped and trotted and walked at the correct intervals. They talked about the weather and the crops and why Hedgely could never get even a ribbon for his pigs and about world affairs. Elinor thought that she and David ought to get married soon. She knew how David felt about his family. If anything happened to him, neither Longspere or Cleveraux would have an heir. And as his future wife she wanted what he wanted.

Elinor looked thoughtfully at his profile. He was really very handsome in a cold distinguished sort of way. The wild young man who had flung himself out of the car into the middle of the Strand traffic seemed incredible. But Elinor wasn't sure. She had an idea that the stiff formality which he had once worn as part of a correct uniform, was now a disguise. He had been ill, of course, and sick people often developed quite transitory and unlikely characteristics. That was the doctor's explanation. But Elinor had a strong feminine temptation to prod for herself.

"David," she said, "do you remember our promising to tell each other everything?"

He turned a grey level gaze on her.

"Did we?"

"Of course we did. Even the stupid perhaps wrong things. You must never be afraid to tell me, David. I'm really quite broad-minded. I mean—I should always understand."

"Would you?"

"I think so. For instance, I've been waiting for the right moment to say this to you—I felt we ought to get it out of the way—I do understand about China—and afterward, I think it was very chivalrous and fine of you—"

"What was?"

"Your trying to help Miss Janeway and that poor Chinese woman. Of course father says it wasn't the neutral thing to do. But then father's in the Foreign Office. And we can't all be in the Foreign Office, can we?"

"I suppose not," David said.

"And then Miss Janeway. Such a lovely high-spirited girl. I do understand how it all happened, darling. And afterward it was so natural for you to try and do the right thing. Only of course you didn't realize that her sort of reputation and ours aren't the same. Equally fine, no doubt. But different."

"Quite," David said.

"She understood that herself. She was so wise and right. A lot of girls in her class would have taken advantage of the situation—"

"Shall we try a canter?" David suggested.

"No, darling. Not yet. I'm so glad she's had another huge success, aren't you?"

"I didn't know she had. I don't read the papers much."

He seemed, if anything, rather bored.

ELINOR was definitely irritated. She recalled something her father had let drop that morning—apparently quite casually. Nothing official, of course. Just a hint, as he would say, in the right quarters. It had something to do with Lord John and the Anglo-Sino Company. Apparently in his role of chairman he had been quite miscast. In fact he was rocking the boat. Fortunately Lady Flavia had made a small fortune—enough to pay off the Longspere mortgage. But Longspere had to be

*Married to a man from  
another world . . . and  
unable to admit it, Biff-  
Janey faces new compli-  
cations as her story sweeps  
to a dramatic climax*

Illustrated by Timmins

kept up. And, according to all accounts, the duke's place at Cleveraux was little more than a rabbit warren. There was no sense in a beautiful Queen Anne staircase if it gave way under you.

"I'm afraid you're like your father, David," Elinor said lightly. "Just a little bit eccentric. It's very amusing. Only these days one has to be so careful—"

"Why?"

"I mean—one mustn't upset things—"

"Mustn't one? What things?"

"Well, business, for instance. Father was talking this morning. He said Lord John seemed to think he was still in the Sixth Form at Eton. He didn't seem to realize that in business you had to play the game and not expect too much cricket. I mean—if one found out that something were not quite right, it might be better to try and put it right quietly—without any scandal."

David was listening now.

"Is there a scandal?"

"Not really, darling. But father is afraid there might be. In fact he thinks it would be a good thing if you spoke to Lord John. After all, so much depends on things going smoothly—our whole future."

She looked at him brightly.

"I see. Whatever Hedgely is up to, I'm to shut him up."

"Well, dear, just a hint. He's sure to be reasonable. After all, you're his only son. He'd do anything for you."

"Let's gallop," David said, urging his horse forward.

He rode disgracefully, uphill and down dale, till the horses were winded and sweating and they were nearly home. Elinor was breathless too and quite angry. For the first time she had uneasy doubts as to her capacity to manage him.

He helped her to the ground.

He took the unfortunate Sally into the home field and put her over a jump which, for good reasons, was called the Collarbone. Sally was so indignant at his treatment of her that she went over like an ill-conditioned thunderbolt, deliberately pecking but not quite unseating him. He raised his hat in mocking salutation to an invisible, persistent, nagging presence. It was too bad she hadn't seen him. At least she would know that a Stuffed Shirt knew how to take his fences.

"MR. FINDLATER, friend of mine," Lord John explained. "Financial adviser and all that. He says you two have met."

David and Mr. Findlater shook hands firmly.

"Yes, we've met," David said.

"Let's call it an encounter," Mr. Findlater suggested.

David still wore his riding clothes. He looked hot and ruffled, Lady Flavia thought, but sound in mind and limb and able to take a shock. That was what she had told Hedgely. David had a right to know. And you couldn't put off avalanches forever. Hedgely had agreed. Now he stood resolutely with his back to the library fireplace. He had lost weight, and his resemblance to the portrait behind him had become almost amusing.

"We're in a mess, David," he said. "All my fault. Meant to do the best thing for you and your mother and the old place. Got mixed up with a lot of scoundrels. Scoundrel myself now. Got to take my medicine."

"Suppose Mr. Findlater explains," Lady Flavia suggested. "He does it beautifully."

Findlater took a look at David. If Janey loved the fellow, there must be something to him.

"I could go into a lot of detail," he said, "as I have done with your father and mother, Mr. Gretorex. But perhaps I had just better give you the upshot of my investigations. It's this. The Anglo-Sino Company, of which Lord John was and still is chairman, is a pretty typical shady business venture. It was started to make money for the promoters who, having built up the market value by more or less fraudulent claims and balance sheets and completely dishonest trading methods, were then to quietly unload and leave the small fry to the deluge. Lord John was extremely useful. They needed an honest, respected figurehead, and they were prepared to pay for it."

Lord John went brick red.

"He hadn't an idea," Lady Flavia said.

"Of course he hadn't. For a time I was rather curious as to who had put it into his head."

"No one," Hedgely interrupted firmly. He gave David a curiously perplexed, unhappy glance. "Absolutely confidential."

Mr. Findlater grinned.

"I respect your lack of confidence, Lord John. As it happens I wormed it out for myself."

He did, in fact, know all he needed to know. Government officials do not speculate. But the most rigid of them cannot prevent a prospective father-in-law from taking a well-directed flier. Sir George had aristocratic tastes and standards. But the fact remained that he had climbed resolutely out of a suburban grocer's store. First a knighthood for himself . . . then a prospective duke for his daughter. But even a duchess must have money.

There was no point in disgoring these disillusioning details. Findlater had to keep in mind what Janey wanted. She seemed, in her stubborn way, to want this



# J.A.R. Wyllie's LATEST NOVEL



Then Lady Flavia did something she hadn't allowed herself to do for years. She put her arms around her son and held him close.

Jane Janeway—"Biff-Janey" to her many admirers in the London music halls—cancelled all her theatrical engagements to go out to China in search of her brother, a missionary who had disappeared in the interior.

Fellow passengers on the boat are David Gretorex, son of Lord John Gretorex, chairman of the General Anglo-Sino Development Company, in whose interests David makes this trip to the East; Sam Findlater, a wealthy businessman who suspects that the Company is trading in munitions; Madame Li, wife of a Chinese general who is cheated when the guns supplied to him by the Company prove to be of inferior quality. David and his father have no knowledge of the Company's true workings, as Lord Gretorex merely lent his name to the firm's directorate for the prestige they would gain by it.

When they arrive in China events move swiftly. General Li learns of David's connection with the firm which sold him worthless firearms and threatens to kill him. But Biff-Janey's brother, Bert, who accompanies General Li's troops as a doctor, says he will withdraw his valued medical attention if he does that. Accordingly, General Li holds David as a hostage, in the hope that he will be able to regain some of the money spent on the guns. But when the General, Bert and David move off into the interior they are surrounded by Japanese troops and news comes that the whole party has been blown to pieces in an air attack.

When she returns to England, Biff-Janey visits Lord and Lady Gretorex and Elinor Reeves, the girl to whom David was on the point of being engaged when he left for China, and gives them an account of the happenings. But she does not tell them that she and David were married in China.

Sam Findlater also pays a call on Lord Gretorex. He offers to put his business knowledge at his disposal, to try and straighten out the embarrassing situation that Lord Gretorex's chairmanship of the General Anglo-Sino Development Company has placed him in.

It later develops that David was not killed in China and after he has convalesced he returns home still suffering from amnesia. His family and Elinor meet him upon his arrival and are with him when he confronts Biff-Janey in the dressing room of the theatre in which her new show is opening. He is dumbfounded when she denies that they are married, announcing that she is engaged to her manager, Bill Scoffield.

**A**FTER THAT things became what other people called normal. David Gretorex was back at Longspere. It was generally accepted that he had had some pretty unpleasant experiences in the Sino-Japanese conflict. But the County also decided that there must have been a considerable element of good clean fun mixed up with the unpleasantness and that David Gretorex, whom they had regarded as a bit on the stiff and stuffy side, must have loosened up considerably. Nobody blamed him. Biff-Janey was the sort of girl who could loosen up a poker. What she had been up to in China was not known. Probably it had been a new sort of publicity



# Something Old

Illustrated by Michael

GILLIAN gave a little sigh and half opened her eyes. A part of her was still asleep, and the waking part of her was struggling back to unconsciousness, fighting against the intrusion of thought. Then came a sudden flash. "Today is the day." With the thought she was sitting up and had turned on the light. Seven o'clock; she got out of bed and hurried across the room and pulled back the curtains. Was it fine? She looked out at a perfect morning, the dew was still lying thickly on the lawn. There was a heat mist over the garden, and through it came the blue of the delphiniums and larkspurs, and the white of the lilies. How pleased dad would be; he had been in such a fuss that his beloved garden would not be at its best for the day. From the side gate came a group of men; they must be going to put up the tea tent.

Past her door came the creak of the servants' shoes. They would be about early today, Cook in her kitchen with breakfast to see to for all the people in the house, and the maids polishing and rubbing. What a lot of people had been busy for weeks thinking and planning just to get her and Jeremy married.

She got back into bed and sat hugging her knees. It seemed funny to think that this was the last time this would be her room. It had been her room ever since the

day that Nanny had stopped being Nanny and had become everything for all of them. She noticed for the first time that the room had rather the look of a place where somebody has grown up. There was her disreputable teddy bear in the corner. She ought to have given him up, when she had a room of her own, but somehow she just had not been able to. He was such an old friend; she had cut her teeth on him, and cried on him. He was a part of her.

All her school groups hung on the walls. How awful she had looked. People change very quickly—after all the last of those groups was only a year ago. Then there was a clock she had won for tennis. That was rather a nice thing to have won, because the tennis at school had been of a high standard. When their honeymoon was over and they had their own little house, she thought she would take that clock. It could not go in any important room, of course, for they had been given such a lot of grand clocks as wedding presents, but it would be nice in the spare room or somewhere.

Looking round her room and sort of saying good-bye to it, gave her a funny feeling. It seemed impossible that after today she would not belong here any more; she would come to the house as a visitor. That was why she had not wanted this big wedding. Being married

with hundreds of people looking at you made it seem so much more formal than it really was. If she and Jeremy could just have gone to church and got married and said to the parents, "See you soon," it would not have seemed half so fatal. Jeremy was a darling, she loved him with every bit of her, and she knew they would be divinely happy, but she would have liked to think that home was there too, just as it had always been, with her room waiting.

THINKING these things, she felt suddenly frightened. She had a sick feeling inside. This was going to be an

*"Don't see your bridegroom before the ceremony" is one of the traditions of any wedding day. Gillian ignored it . . . and see what happened to her!*

by NOEL STREATFEILD



young man to have what she thought was good for him. In Mr. Findlater's experience the things that were good for people were rarely what they wanted, and, consequently, rarely did them any good. But from all accounts Elinor Reeves was a raving beauty. And if she and David Gretorex were made for each other, as Janey insisted that they were, then the correct deviousnesses of her official father had better be discreetly buried.

"You mean," David said, "that the Anglo-Sino Company is about to blow up?"

"Not immediately. Not of itself. It is possible that it might carry on for a bit—leaping from crag to crag, as it were. But your father argues, correctly, I think, that delay will only involve more victims and increase his own responsibility. Now that he is in possession of the facts he is determined to make them public."

"Got to," Hedgely said. "You see that, David."

"Quite," David said.

"I put it to him," Findlater went on. "That there are always ways and means. He might retire now on account of ill-health and make tracks for the Riviera or South America. It's possible that when the smash comes—"

"No," Hedgely said. "Never run. No good at all. Not fast enough."

Findlater rubbed his blue-shadowed chin. The old boy certainly lived according to his lights. Though they were not hers, even Ma Janeway ought to take off her twenty-year-old hat to him.

"Fact is," Hedgely said, "I sent the papers to the Crown Prosecutor last week. Expecting arrest any minute."

David glanced at his mother. She sat on a straight-backed chair, very straight herself and quite calm. Evidently she and Hedgely had faced this thing out together. She might be heartbroken. But she was not broken. She knew that Hedgely meant well. He hadn't been intentionally dishonest. And in the last analysis that was what mattered to her.

"Soon as I know what steps the authorities are going to take," Hedgely went on, "I shall call a meeting of my neighbors and tenants who will be injured by my action. Shall lay all the facts before them. Explain that my and Lady Flavia's private fortunes and Longspere will be placed immediately at the disposal of the shareholders."

"I see," David said. "You go to prison, and we go to the workhouse."

"Blunt, sir, but accurate. Hope I have your approval."

"Absolutely."

David couldn't have described what he felt. But it was incredibly like elation. He glanced up at his tight-mouthed, haughty ancestor. He knew how the fellow had reacted to the knowledge that he had three badly equipped, undermanned ships with which to meet ten fully armed Spanish galleons. He had felt like a fighting cock. David loved him. And it was odd that for the first time he loved Longspere, not just instinctively, but with faith and understanding. He loved and understood his people, their lusty history, their significance. For the first time he could fight with them with conviction. There was something in Hedgely and in himself that was worth fighting for.

Findlater gathered up his papers and stuffed them into a brief case.

"I wish I could do something," he said.

"You can give me a job," David said lightly.

"I learned quite a bit in Shanghai. I can address envelopes and run errands."

"I think I shall open a shop," Lady Flavia said. "A dress shop."

David smiled at her. He understood her too. The oddities in her that had frightened him in the old days were the expression of a free and courageous spirit. Only stuffed shirts were afraid of freedom—their own or anybody else's.

"Very admirable," Findlater said. He did not know whether he wanted to laugh or cry. "As a matter of fact, I had you in mind, Mr. Gretorex. You will hear from me. In the event of the Crown taking action, Lord John, the—eh—question of bail may arise—"

Hedgely opened his eyes wide.

"Oh—eh—yes—bail. Of course. Not necessary. Much better to start getting used to things."

David went with Mr. Findlater to his car.

"I think I might tell you now," Findlater said, "that the job will be a good one."

"Not too good," David said. "Not better than I am."

"I meant," Findlater went on, "that it should keep you and your wife in the state to which she is accustomed."

"But I haven't got a wife. She says I haven't."

Findlater had the sensation of having floundered into a bog.

"I meant your future wife. You are getting married, aren't you?"

"Am I?" David asked.

"Well, I saw it in the papers."

"Then it must be true," David said courteously.

He opened the car door and the two men shook hands quite warmly. Biff-Janey was right, Findlater thought. She might be otherwise completely crazy. But about David Gretorex she was right. He had had something. And it was a darned shame.

MR. SAMUEL FINDLATER turned over the front pages of the morning's newspaper. Thanks to the latest crisis the affairs of the Anglo-Sino Company and even the arrest of Lord John Gretorex occupied two columns on a back page. The arrest had had unusual features. It seemed Lord John had called a meeting of the local shareholders, and Inspector Davidson and the plain-clothes man who had gone down to effect the arrest, had consented to let the meeting take place. They had even been Lord John's and Lady Flavia's guests for lunch. Afterward they had all driven down to the Women's Institute where the meeting had been held, and the inspector and the plain-clothes man had sat on

## THE FIRST TOOTH FALLS

by Mona Gould

☆

It was small and shining and very white  
Like all of the others it looked quite tight,  
But I felt it wobble against my tongue  
So I pried with my fingers, and wow!  
it stung!

And hurt when I jiggled it up and down!  
I looked in the glass, and I made a frown  
For that tooth was bent right out . . . quite  
flat . . .

But it wouldn't budge in spite of that.  
I showed my mother but she just fussed  
And spoke of a dentist . . . so in disgust  
I got my Daddy to lend a hand  
(I knew from the first he'd understand).  
He talked to me quiet, and worked quite  
grimly

And his pipe made smoke like a little  
chimney.

And although I bit him a time or two  
He ignored it politely as fathers do  
And all of a sudden he gave a heave  
And the tooth flew out on my sweater  
sleeve.

And now there's a gap in the front of  
my face  
And the dandiest, handiest whistling  
space!

either side of Lady Flavia with other local bigwigs on the platform.

Lord John had made a very brief speech. He said he was going to prison. And it served him darn well right. He had behaved like an idiot, and idiots ought to be in prison. What bothered him was the friends he had dragged into the mess with him. And he wanted them to know that everything that he and Lady Flavia possessed belonged to them. Lady Flavia, who wasn't an idiot but a darned intelligent woman, had made quite a packet. He hoped that the tenant-farmers would be

able to buy their farms and that Longspere and contents would fetch a decent price. Not so sure about the livestock. Never had any luck with his pigs, as they all knew.

Loud laughter.

Even cold print couldn't take the stuffing out of that speech.

The packed audience had behaved amazingly. They had gone wild, cheering as though they had all won the Irish Sweepstakes. The inspector and the plain-clothes man had quite a job getting their prisoner to the door. In fact they had formed a sort of guard of honor. Everybody wanted to shake hands with Hedgely Gretorex. They'd slapped him on the back. They'd even slapped Lady Flavia and the inspector. And the whole meeting had gone to the station, swarming round the car which had only been able to move at a snail's pace. Fortunately the station master had been warned to hold up the express. Otherwise they would have missed it.

The scene on the platform had been terrific. As the train pulled out, they had all sung "For he's a jolly good fellow—" and men and women had run alongside the reserved carriage shouting: "Come back soon, Hedgely. Don't mind them Londoners. We're the stuff. We're for you. Are we downhearted?" With a final answering roar of "No!"

It was reported that Lord John, who had leaned out of the window to shake Lady Flavia's and Mr. Gretorex's hands for the last time, had been quite frankly in tears.

Mr. Findlater was in tears, too. It was silly. But there was no one to see him, at least not until Biff-Janey blew in practically unannounced. She had evidently been crying, too. Her distressed eyes and disordered complexion were dimmed, however, by the rest of her appearance, which suggested that even at that time of the day, she was going places. And the tempestuousness of her arrival did not prevent Sam Findlater from appreciating her taste in clothes. And she looked, whatever she called herself, a lady. And a very lovely and unhappy one.

"Have you seen the papers?" she asked. "Have you seen what we've done to David's father?"

"Looks like he'd done it himself," he said. "And I call it a swell job."

"Ma says so too. She says after the Revolution she's going to see to it that he's made a Commis-sar."

"For heaven's sake—where is your mother?"

"She's downstairs, in the car. She wouldn't come up. She's getting reconciled about aristocrats, but she still feels badly about capitalists, on account of Pa, you know."

Mr. Findlater exhaled a deep breath. He went to the window and peered down between the curtains. Little Gayfair Street was a secluded, very expensive backwater to the tide at Westminster. It was as peaceful as a village, warm with mild September sunshine and practically blocked by the Rolls-Royce.

"Tell me something," he said. "How does she reconcile herself to that?"

"She doesn't try. They aren't on speaking terms. They just go round together. The first time I drove up in it she said things it's never forgiven; said it was an insult to Pa's memory and all that. But I couldn't help it. When I was a kid I used to say to myself, 'One day I'll have a Rolls.'"

Mr. Findlater rubbed his chin.

"Very interesting. So did I. And now what do you want?"

"Please, Sam, do something."

"What can I do?"

"Buy up the judge."

"Really, my dear, you underestimate the capitalist system's minions. They're too expensive, even for me."

"Well, the jury then."

"Do you want me to land in prison too?"

"Will they send him to prison?"

"I expect so. A year in the first division probably. He won't be satisfied if they don't. When he comes out, they'll meet him with the village band."

"But they won't. Because he'll never go back. There won't be any Longspere."

"Oh, yes, there will. Longspere will go on. It'll be the ancestral home of some wicked capitalist."

"Like you, darling?" ☆ Continued on page 32

and have a peep at you, just to be sure you are safe and sound."

Gillian flushed.

"Why just a peep? I was going to ring him up and ask him to come down to the river with me and Hansel and Gretel."

Her mother smiled.

"Bad child, what an idea!"

they dashed into the tea tent, and out again, and under and round the small tables.

"Look at those dogs," came the voice of Sandy, Joey's husband.

Joey's rather distracted one answered. "Oh, do shut them up somewhere!"

Gillian leaned farther out, prepared to fight for Hansel and Gretel, but Sandy forestalled her.

opened the third drawer, the glory hole, devoted to evening bags, scarves and sweaters. Nanny had always been raiding that drawer. "What you want to keep all these things for, Miss Gillian, I don't know. Not fit to be used, half of them."

Now the drawer was empty, nothing in it, not an evening bag that was shabby but might come in some time; not a sweater that was a bit out of shape, but still too much of a friend to throw away; not a scarf that did not go with anything now, but had been useful that time at winter sports.

Gillian, looking a little white, went up to Nanny.

"Nanny, what's happened to all my things? There's hardly anything left in my chest of drawers."

Nanny knew every shade of her children's voices. She was busy ironing something of Joey's, but she put it down at once.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Gillian, dear, did you want something? That's being called for by the movers in the morning, so I cleared most of it last night. I had a bit of time to spare while you were all having dinner."

"Why are the movers taking my chest of drawers away?"

"It's to be repaired. Your mother thought it had better be done now, so it's ready to come back when the room's done."

Gillian's eyes stared into Nanny's, her pupils slowly widening.

"What's being done to my room?"

Nanny knew just how Gillian felt, she felt like that too. What would the house be like with the last of her children gone? She did not want any changes.

"Oh, it's being painted and that."

"Why?"

"It's a spare room, now, dear."

Gillian felt cold inside, just as she had before breakfast.

"Not now it isn't. I'm still here."

Nanny's eyes misted with tears. To hide them she seized her iron and bent over Joey's dress.

"Were you wanting something out of those drawers? Everything's in boxes in my room."

"Where's everything going when I'm gone. My photographs and my clock, and everything."

Nanny ironed furiously.

"I'm putting them away until you know what you want done with them. I kept Miss Joey's school pictures nearly a year, and then one day when she was visiting she tore them up."

GILLIAN PUT on the blue linen frock; she had not the heart to rummage in cardboard boxes for things which should live in drawers. "You are a fool to care," she said angrily, dragging at a fastener, "but it's always been mine, and though I don't want it any more, I don't want it touched."

As she passed up the hall she saw the study door was open. She looked in. Her father was sitting in his arm-chair smoking.

"Hullo, dad."

"Hullo, Gillian. I sneaked off in here out of the fuss. I'm paying close on twenty men to come and work, so there's no need for us to bother, but your mother likes seeing us all busy."

Gillian came in and sat on the arm of his chair.

"I wish there needn't be all this fuss. I'd much rather have gone to a registry office."

Her father put his arm round her. ☆ *Cont'd on page 20*

## I won't get married!



"I don't see why it's an idea. It's a perfectly awful day for the dogs, and it would make all the difference to them if they had a nice morning. I suppose none of you remembered to give them some kedgerie?"

Her mother gave a comforting pat to the hump made by her legs.

"Dad did. Heaping helpings. Now we must go; there's such a lot to be done."

GILLIAN, LEFT to herself, got out of bed and hung out of the window. A great deal had happened since she last looked. The tea tent was up, and so were dozens of little tables; the chairs they had hired from the Women's Institute were arriving and were being stacked on the side of the lawn. In and out among the workers Peter and Andrew were running in everyone's way but superbly unaware of it. Peter's voice came eager and shrill.

"Do you know it's weddin' day?"

And Andrew's, slow, deep, but equally excited.

"And me an' Peter are pages. We're wearin' our kilts."

"Look proper little Scotsmen, won't you?" The man accosted agreed kindly. "Now you run along or we'll have you getting a finger shut in one of these tables, and then what'll happen to the wedding?"

Out of the dining-room windows bounced Hansel and Gretel, their long black shining lengths wriggling in uncontrollable joy at the sight of so many people, all of whom probably wanted to play. Barking delightedly,

"Poor little beggars, can't shut them up on a day like this. I'll take them for a walk, and I'll take the kids along with me."

"You only suggest that because you don't want to help with the presents."

Sandy came into view. He was grinning.

"Got it in one. Hi, kids."

Gillian came in from the window, her face solemn. Only five years ago Joey had been married. In five years time would she be saying unkind things to Jeremy like that? It couldn't be—she and Jeremy were different.

NANNY HAD laid out a blue linen frock for her to wear, but she was having none of that. On hot days she wore shorts, and today she was making no changes. Her best shorts and some new ones were packed for the honeymoon, but there was a much loved pair of white linen she had used at school; they were falling to pieces, and would soon have to be thrown away, but today was perfect for giving them a last appearance. She pulled open the bottom drawer of her chest of drawers; a strange emptiness and tidiness met her eyes. In the corner were two clean and folded shirts, nothing more. With a frightening stab at her heart she opened the drawer above. It should have been full of underthings, old perhaps, but still wearable. There was nothing there except the woollen things her mother had bought her last Christmas when it was so cold, but which she had refused to wear. With something like terror she



awful day. Everybody being nice and nobody saying ordinary things, like "get out of the way, you fool." Such a terrible lot of people staying in the house. Granny in the little spare room and Joey and her husband in the big spare room, and John and Lucille in the extra room upstairs. John and Joey would be managing; brothers and sisters who had got married themselves thought they knew all about how things ought to be done at somebody else's wedding. Then there were the kids upstairs with Nanny. Joey's Peter and Petronella, and John's Andrew. She was sure one of them would be ill or something. She wished there had been room in the house for the grown-up bridesmaids. Of course there was Coral, but a sister still at school is not the sort of person you can talk to. If Lois and Ann and Prunella and Dorice were here, everything would seem much easier. She would go in to see one of them now, and they would all laugh, and nothing would seem very different to how it was when they were at school.

Oh dear, why had she wakened up so early! She got out of bed again and went over to the looking glass. Her upspringing dark hair, which Jeremy said made her look like a faun, and her big dark eyes were reflected in the glass. She wondered how she would look in her wedding dress. She opened the cupboard and felt the material. It was lovely stuff, not quite white, a sort of parchment tint; she thought it was sure to be all right, those medieval lines were very becoming.

Suddenly, for no reason at all, her teeth began to chatter, and tears rolled out of her eyes. She was shocked at herself, but being shocked did not make her behave, in fact tears began to drip quite fast. "You are a fool," she told herself, as she angrily mopped them up. "This is the day you've been looking forward to for ages. What are you crying for?" She gave herself a shake. "Stop shivering. Anyone would think you didn't want to marry Jeremy. You know, what I think you need is some tea."

The suggestion did her good. Almost at once she stopped crying, and by the time she was in her dressing gown and bedroom slippers her teeth had stopped chattering.

THE KITCHEN was at the back of the house. It looked onto a round flower bed full of shirley poppies and nasturtiums. Cook was at her stove and she glanced up as Gillian came in, and at once turned off the gas under her saucepan.

"Why, Miss Gillian, dear, whatever are you doing? Breakfast in bed at nine was what your mother said."

Gillian sat on the table.

"I know, but I was awake, and I felt kind of cold inside."

Cook lit a match to the ring under the kettle.

"What you want is a nice cup of tea."

"That's what I thought."

"You run back to your bed and I'll bring it up to you."

Gillian did not move.

"I'd much rather have it here with you. I feel specially like talking to someone."

Cook gave her a quick look, and was ashamed to feel a lump in her throat. Gillian had sat on her table often enough, begging for this and that, and she did not look a day older this morning than she had looked at ten. To cover what she felt to be most misplaced emotion, she took on a scolding tone.

"No wonder you feel cold inside, running about the house at this time of the morning."

"But I wasn't running about when I felt it, I was in my room. Did you ever feel pleased about something, and yet sort of frightened, so it made your teeth chatter?"

"Lot of nonsense." Cook, feeling more than ever that she would like to sit Gillian on her knee, and give her a good hug, angrily clattered a cup and saucer off the shelf and put it on the table. "I'm far too busy to have any feelings."

Gillian, already much better, gave a chuckle.

"You had time for feelings when you saw that accident in your cup, the day before you went on the Women's Institute outing."

Tea leaves and their warnings were not, in cook's philosophy, subjects to be treated casually. She shook her head as she poured a little water out of the kettle to warm the teapot.

"You can laugh, Miss Gillian, but for one time they're wrong, there's a hundred they're right."

Gillian watched her spoon tea from the canister into the pot.

"Will you read mine this morning?"

Cook glanced at the clock.

"What! With your granny's breakfast to go up at eight, and ours at a quarter past, and I shouldn't wonder if all those men in the garden didn't get round me for a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter."

"Just a nice little quick look. I'd like to know today is all right."

Cook made the tea and poured out a cup.

"Such foolishness! Now you sit up to the table and drink that, and I'll just spread you a bit of bread and butter."

"You haven't got some brown sugar, have you?"

Cook tried to look shocked.

"You're never wanting sugar on your toast, and you a married lady by three o'clock."

Gillian put down her cup.

"Yes, I do want it, and I always will. I wish people wouldn't pretend there'll be a different me after I'm married, who'll stop liking all the things I've always liked."

Cook patted her knee.

"Don't you fuss. 'Course you'll always like it—that was only me joking. Now drink that down while it's hot."

Gillian ate her toast while cook examined her cup. Cook's voice was pitched to the hoarse note she used when reading a cup.

"Funny, if the morning wasn't like it is, I'd say we were having rain." Gillian gave a startled glance at the window, to be comforted by a cloudless blue sky. "Maybe it's a little storm." Cook twisted the cup at an angle. "Oh, my, you wouldn't want a better lie of the leaves." She held out the cup to Gillian. "Look, see that, it's a lovers' knot."

Gillian peered into the cup at the group of tea leaves at which cook was pointing. They looked to her like nothing but five tea leaves sticking together, but she was glad the news was good. She swallowed the last mouthful of her toast and then got up.

"Thanks awfully."

"That's all right." Cook put down the cup. "What I say is, if you've got the gift you ought to use it. Now you run up to your bed, dear, and try and get a bit more sleep."

"Goodness, I couldn't sleep." Gillian had protested, but she was wrong. Either the tea, or the toast, or perhaps the news that even the tea leaves were tying themselves in lovers' knots today, had a soothing effect. She had not been back in bed five minutes before she was asleep.

ALWAYS Gillian had liked things to happen in an ordinary way. The feeling that nurse was in the nursery, and mum and dad downstairs, had ruled her childhood. The smallest deviation in the normal running of her world had seemed to spoil its rhythm. Later, when she was at school, it was the same thing. The same doings occurred at the same times; the same mistresses came back every term; the same friends climbed the school with her. After any of this routine and she felt prickly—the smoothness of things was gone.

Today could not be quite an ordinary day because, of course, when she came back after the wedding she would not be Miss Gillian Maul any more, but Mrs. Jeremy Woods. But she had wanted all the morning, up to it being time to dress, to be ordinary. She had wanted to come down to breakfast with everybody else, and not have talked about the wedding, but given the dogs their usual titbits, and perhaps afterward have taken them to the river and got Jeremy to come along too; they would both have got a bit muddy, and then she could have come back, and had a bath, and after that the fuss could begin, but by then it would be only like the fuss of dressing for a party.

But other people did not feel like that about today; in fact everybody else seemed to feel the more it was made a special day the better. It was all right while she was having breakfast. There were boiled eggs and the morning paper and, except for being in bed, it was nearly like an ordinary morning. It was afterward that the family got trying. First it was John and Lucille. She liked Lucille, although she thought that from the moment John had met her at a Cambridge May week, as a brother he had deteriorated, and this morning was an example of how much he had deteriorated.

"Well, how's the bride?" he asked, giving her a pat.

"All right," said Gillian. "Did anyone feed Hansel and Gretel?"

Lucille kissed her.

"I expect so."

"I didn't notice, but I imagine someone did," John's voice was the voice of somebody talking about things that did not matter.

"You imagine they did!" Gillian reached for her



dressing gown. "That's what's going to happen, I suppose, when I'm on my honeymoon. Nobody worries about the dogs except me."

John grinned and pushed her back against the pillows. "Keep your hair on. If I know anything of those two dachshunds of yours, they'd have kicked up such a shindy if they hadn't had any, we'd have been bound to notice."

"Just shows how little you know about them," said Gillian fiercely. "They never beg. Poor darlings, and it's awfully mean."

John ruffled her hair.

"All right, you keep calm. Come on, Lucille, we'll go and find them."

The door had hardly shut before her mother and Joey came in.

"Hullo," said Gillian in a very ordinary voice.

Her mother kissed her.

"How are you, darling? I hear you had a lovely sleep. What a clever girl!"

Gillian scowled.

"I don't see why I wouldn't sleep. You sound as if I were going to have an operation or something."

Joey laughed.

"You're just like me on my wedding day. Isn't she, mum?"

Gillian bounced on the bed.

"But I feel just as usual."

Her mother sat down beside her.

"Jeremy has just telephoned. I said he might come



Pottery work, while not as extensive as some other types of handicrafts, is growing in popularity throughout Canada.



A craftsman in a Canadian city completes some intricate work on a pewter bowl—an art which requires particular skill.



This Canadian worker makes unique jewellery in many exquisite designs using Canadian products for every piece.

# For Canadian Handicrafts

By FREDERICK EDWARDS

blown to bits in militaristic orgies. Looms were silenced, potters' wheels turned no more; and at last came the culminating war involving Britain and France and Germany. Now shipping as well as industry is turned away from peacetime activities, is devoted largely to furthering the war effort.

The demand for those luxury goods still exists, is, in fact, intensified by reason of their scarcity; but many of the main sources of supply are no longer available. In some cases they have been wiped out entirely. It will take many years of intensive effort to restore them, if indeed they ever can be restored in their original localities. The workers who produced them are scattered, refugees in strange lands, or they are in a dozen armies. Tens of thousands of them are dead. In countries where those industries still exist, the difficulties of transportation across oceans under war conditions are almost an insurmountable barrier.

Here is Canada's opportunity, banging lustily on our front door. It's no job at all to ship goods from Canada into the United States. We have workers and natural resources. All that we need is a plan. To supply even

a fractional part of the current demand would provide employment for tens of thousands of Canadian men and women. It would create new work in trades and crafts we have not so far developed for the excellent reason that hitherto no market existed in which we could compete successfully.

A proportion of the goods required are factory products; but many of them are classified as handicrafts or cottage industries products, of the type made by women workers whose contribution to the national war effort could not be of major consequence. That is where the women come in. It is their opportunity as much as it is the men's.

One of the largest retail buying organizations in the United States, acting as purchasing agent for a dozen or more big department stores in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other key cities, is already actively interested in the possibility of developing Canadian handicrafts and industries to supply at least a part of the American demand for specialized luxury products. From this authority *Chatelaine* has received a list of forty-seven industrial firms located in ten foreign coun-

tries with which, for one reason or another, it is no longer possible to do business. These, the president of the organization states, were: "Our best resources prior to the foreign disturbances of the last few years." That is, they are firms that previously sold into the American market, but now have been compelled, because of war conditions, to drop out of it.

Contained in that list are the names and addresses of nineteen companies in what was formerly Czechoslovakia. Ten are Italian concerns, six functioned in Austria and Hungary, four in Belgium, three in British India, two in Japan, and one each in Holland, Yugoslavia and China.

Their products cover a wide range. You could come close to starting a department store of your own with these goods now eliminated from the United States market, at least so far as those forty-seven firms are concerned.

Fourteen of the companies purged by various wars made gloves of different sorts, ranging from children's cotton knitted gloves to real kid, kid-suede, fabric and heavy duty leather hand coverings. Eight produced

can inherit an important market in the United States for specialized products



The bark of the apple tree prepared by this craftswoman gives a beautiful shade for home-spun weaves.

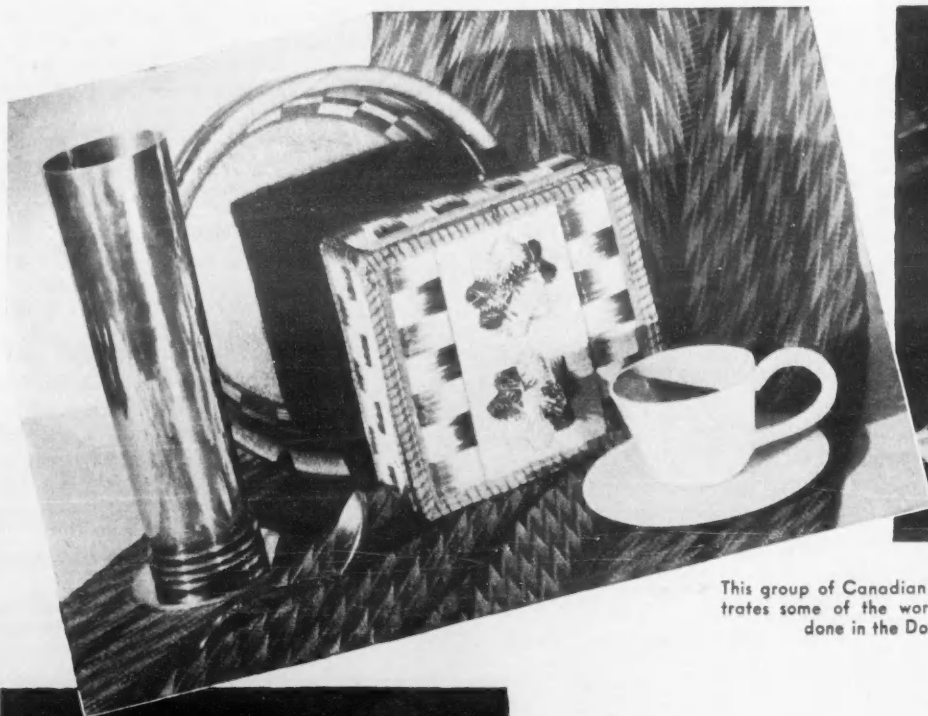


Carding the natural wool is one of the finest processes in home weaving — an age-old handicraft.

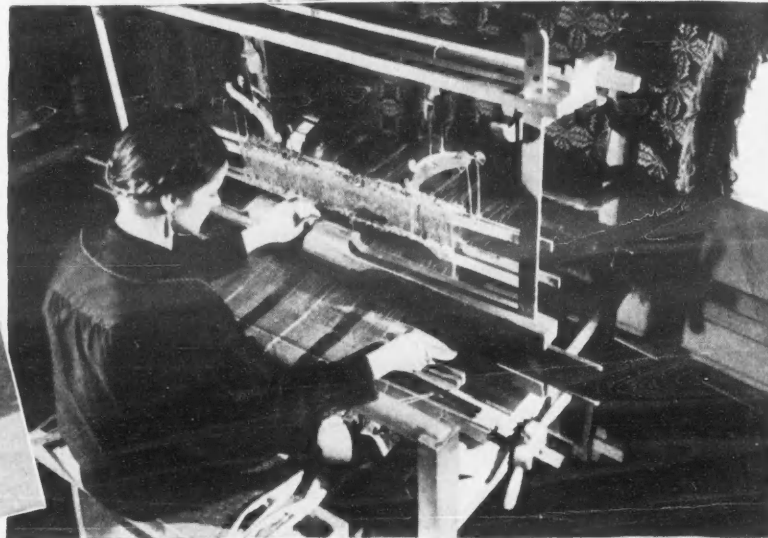


When the wool has been carded it is wound on the spinning wheel ready for the final steps in hand weaving.





This group of Canadian handicrafts illustrates some of the work which is being done in the Dominion.



Hand-woven fabrics have long been a specialty of Canadian workers. It is a particularly effective work for women.



Another step in the weaving of hand-made fabrics is illustrated above. A fine craftsmanship is demanded for effective weaving.



The exquisite designs and fine workmanship of modern pewter make it a craft in which many artists are interested.

## A New Market

IT IS axiomatic that Opportunity, an impatient caller, knocks only once; but it is true, too, that Opportunity knocks more loudly on some occasions than on others. As the New Year of 1940 begins, Opportunity is fairly banging on Canada's front door. The noise is terrific. To those whose ears are turned that way it seems as though Opportunity is trying to break the door down.

This particular opportunity is for new trade, amounting to millions of dollars annually, with the United States, most of it with department stores. There is something pretty close to a famine condition in American stores today in certain lines of merchandise. Much of it is merchandise of the type produced by handicrafts workers and cottage industries. Formerly European and Oriental countries supplied those goods. Because of war conditions and the conditions leading up to the war, they can no longer meet with the demand. To some extent at least it is possible for Canadian workers to supply the deficiency.

The ramifications of the situation are far-reaching. Involved in them are the possibility of establishing entirely new industries in Canada, as well as the expansion of many presently existing, the opening of new avenues for employment of skilled workers, and a fair chance so to broaden the field of Canadian industrial enterprise that the inevitable lag in employment after the war ends will be at least ameliorated. It may come to mean much more than that.

We are being offered a chance to take over a large proportion of the huge American market for specialized luxury products. The things that have happened in China and Spain and Czechoslovakia and Austria, have combined with the more recent upheavals in France and Britain and Germany, to force the present opportunity upon us. What we do with it depends upon how bright we are. To a great extent the advantage we take of the opportunity 1940 brings us, depends upon the women of Canada. A large slice of it is definitely their business.

The premise is simple enough, so obviously based upon the familiar law of supply and demand that a grade school student can grasp it. This is the position. During the post-war decade between 1920 and 1930, the wealthy United States developed a vast trade with foreign countries in all sorts of highly specialized merchandise. Glassware, porcelain, pottery, metalware, woollens, gloves, toilet goods, toys and rugs are on the list.

Americans, especially in the large cities, came to look for these and similar luxury goods in their big department stores. The stores, of course, were keen to supply the demand. They sent buyers into a dozen countries, east and west, to seek out sources of supply. They discovered and developed those sources. The sum total of that retail business mounted hugely. In peak years it represented millions of dollars. Exotic furnishings from far-off lands decorated apartments and homes from Boston to San Francisco, from Seattle to Miami Beach.

American women wore expensive tweeds woven on foreign looms, laid costly rugs from distant countries on their floors, stocked their cabinets with crystal and china made abroad, arranged flowers in novelty vases fashioned on potters' wheels across the oceans. They developed a taste for unusual, sometimes for bizarre effects. This was almost all luxury business. The purchasers were for the most part either rich or moderately rich. Price was a minor consideration.

Then the war lords began to inherit the earth. Invasion and conquest, disorder and downright destruction spread ruin in many lands. Peaceful industry was

### How Canadian workers



Here are some materials used in vegetable dyeing—bark of trees, nuts, the asparagus seeds and parsley—each giving a clear color value.

erence,  
socia-  
crafts  
study  
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# Suppose

## YOU'D NEVER TASTED CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

*Suppose you'd never had a bright bowl of it beckon you with its welcoming red and with its tempting aroma. Suppose you'd never drawn your chair close, lifted your spoon, and learned with that first smooth sip how its lively flavor could wake up appetite and delight the taste. Suppose you had still to try the soup almost everyone likes best—had still to discover how it glorifies the special appetizing flavor of tomatoes in a way all its own. Certainly, then, you'd have a treat in store for you!*

Likely you know Campbell's Tomato Soup — how it can literally *make* a meal—put surprise and welcome in a simple lunch or supper, or pleasantly begin a dinner. You've probably had it often, and discovered, happily, that its taste is one you always enjoy. Well, won't you have Campbell's Tomato Soup another time soon — perhaps for lunch tomorrow? *That would be a treat in store for you!*



A TREAT

Bright red tomatoes  
And seasoning fine  
Make this a soup  
You'll *never* decline!



IN STORE FOR YOU!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



glassware, some of the popular firms specializing on table glass, others making bowls, decanters and candelabra. Eight others wove rugs, mats and carpets. Five made china, pottery and porcelains, and five supplied pictures all the way from real oil paintings to India prints. Three made toys, especially pull toys and toy musical instruments. One firm specialized in lamps, one in perfumery, one in fancy bottles. A Chinese concern shipped copper water jugs and jars and pewter-lined vases to the big stores. None of them ship anything any more.

There is our big opportunity of 1940, its bright pattern plain to be seen. Many of the articles named are already being made in Canada. We possess the raw materials for others. In some cases we are producing the goods in demand on a minute scale, but we can vastly enlarge that production once the market is assured, as it would now seem to be. All that is needed to enable Canadian industry to take full advantage of the favorable circumstances now existing in the United States, is effort and organization.

For the moment we may leave the factory-made products out of our consideration of the picture, since this article is concerned chiefly with handicrafts and cottage industries providing occupations for women. We already have the nucleus of production on an export scale in the various Canadian Handicrafts organizations. We are producing rugs, some handmade metalware, pottery and tweeds in a small way. We have clay and sand deposits, especially in some sections of the West, possessing the peculiar virtues necessary for manufacture of characteristic glassware and ceramics. The hooked rugs and homespuns of Quebec, fashioned on hand looms in designs handed down from generation to generation since the days of Champlain, have for years been prized by visitors from the United States. Our blankets have qualities considered by connoisseurs superior to those made south of the line.

There are no provincial limits to our development of handicrafts and cottage industries, modest as it has been so far. Toronto and Montreal are centres of Canadian Handicrafts Guild activity, and there are Guild branches in the Maritimes and in the West. A group known as the Cape Breton Cottage Industry is producing rugs at Baddeck, N.S., and another group, the Charlotte County Cottage Handicrafts, weaves tweeds and fashions small ornaments by hand at St. Andrews, N.B.

At Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., a notably efficient handicrafts school has been functioning for years, training instructors in weaving and other cottage industries. Following graduation, these specialist teachers are usually employed in occupational therapy. Some of the department stores in our larger cities maintain specialty shops devoted exclusively to the sales of handmade Canadian goods. The seed is there. What we have to do is cultivate it to maturity.

It is good to be able to report that steps have already been taken toward that goal. Mr. Douglas Cole, Canadian Trade Commissioner in New York, is fully cognizant of the situation and of its significance for Canadian industry.

## Sweater with Collar and Cuffs

### Materials Required

Long Sleeves: 8 oz. 3-ply wool.  
Short Sleeves: 7 oz.  
Pair No. 13 Needles.  
Pair No. 10 Needles.  
4-inch zipper.  
Collar and cuff set or 1 yard collar trimming and "made-up" bow.  
Small amount of matching material for "handkerchief."

### Measurements

To fit 32-36 inch bust:  
Length from shoulder, 19 in.  
Length of undersleeve seam:  
Long, 18 in.; Short, 4½ in.

### Tension

7½ sts. and 10 rows equal 1 inch.  
(No. 10 needles)

N.B.—The tension of the knitting controls the size of the finished garment. Before commencing, cast on 15 sts. and work in one row knit, one row purl, for 20 rows. If your sample has less sts. per inch than our tension, try again with smaller needles and vice versa, then work the garment on the needles which produce our tension.

### Abbreviations

K = Knit; P = Purl; Sts = Stitches;  
In. = Inches; Tog = Together.

### Thumb Method of Casting On

Two yards from the end, twist the wool round the left thumb to make a loop, and knit this loop onto the needle from the ball of wool. Repeat till required number of sts. are on needle, making the loop from the 2 yards and knitting from the ball. This method of casting on should always be used.

N.B.—The first row of rib pattern is the right side of work, and it will be found most helpful if this is marked in some way, as it is especially important when shaping Front armholes that the right side of the work be facing, otherwise the continuity of the ribs will be broken when joining the pocket.

### Back

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 118 sts.  
1st row—\*, K2, P2. Repeat from \*, ending K2.  
2nd row—\*, P2, K2. Repeat from \*, ending P2.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3½ in., then change to No. 10 needles and continue in K2, P2 rib until work measures 12 in.

### SHAPE ARMHOLE

Keeping rib pattern unbroken:  
Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K2tog at each end of every following row until 90 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18½ in.

### SHAPE SHOULDERS.

Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.  
Cast off remaining sts.



The original model was knit from Lister's "Lavenda."

### Pocket

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 22 sts.  
1st row—\*, K2, P2. Repeat from \*, ending K2.

2nd row—\*, P2, K2. Repeat from \*, ending P2.

Repeat these 2 rows until pocket measures 3 in., measuring after a 1st row has been worked. Lay aside.

### Front

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 118 sts.

1st row—\*, P2, K2. Repeat from \*, ending P2.

2nd row—\*, K2, P2. Repeat from \*, ending K2.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3½ in. then change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib for one more inch.

Now, still working in rib, commence increasing one st. at each end of next and every following 8th row, until 134 sts. are on needle. (Keep the increased sts. in rib.) Continue on these sts. until work measures 12 in.

### SHAPE ARMHOLE AND MAKE POCKET

With right side of work facing:

Next row—Cast off 8 sts. Work in rib until 28 sts. are on needle.

Cast off last st. but one, cast off 21 more, then continue in rib to end of row.

Next row—Cast off 8 sts. Work in rib as far as cast off sts., then, keeping continuity of ribs unbroken, work across the 22 sts. of pocket, then continue in rib to end of row.

Next row—K2tog, then rib to within 2 sts., ending K2tog.

Repeat this row seven more times. (102 sts. remain on needle.)

### SHAPE NECK OPENING

(Right side of work is facing):

Next row—K2tog. Rib 48. Turn.

Next row—Rib to within 2 sts., ending K2tog.

Next row—K2tog, then rib to centre opening. Turn.

☆ Continued on page 22

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Canadian Handicrafts Guild are working together on a study of a plan for a Dominion-wide co-ordinated effort. The Federal Department of Trade and Commerce is co-operating, too. The movement has not yet progressed to the point where it is possible for the Government to make a public announcement of plans or policy; but that the scheme as a whole is looked upon favorably at Ottawa is generally accepted.

Several informal conferences have been held between Canadian industrial leaders and representatives of the leading United States retail organizations, and from these talks a number of basic points have been developed. Those affecting the handicrafts deal chiefly with methods of increasing production, styling and distribution.

For increased production, expert instructors are a first requirement. It has been suggested in this connection that skilled artisans from the shattered countries of Europe might be permitted to enter Canada to teach Canadians the craftsmanship their families have been practising for hundreds of years. There seems to be no reason, for example, why Czech glass workers should not contribute to the establishment of a new fine glassware industry in Canada. The Czechs have long been famous for their characteristic glass products. Now there is no longer a glass industry in Czechoslovakia. Such of it as exists is German, and so cut off from United States markets because Germany cannot carry it across the Atlantic, if for no other reason. The same condition exists with regard to some pottery and ceramics, leather goods and a large number of other specialized products.

All the American merchandising experts lay great emphasis on styling. We have to learn to produce goods of such attractive and individualistic design that their appeal to the sophisticated American taste will be immediate and certain. We must hold to it as a cardinal principle that our Made-in-Canada goods will have quality and distinction, so that wealthy Americans will wish to buy them. Here, surely, is a golden opportunity for Canadian artists and designers, who have not had a very merry time of it in recent years. Many of our best men and women have been forced across the border simply because they could find no market for their talents in this country; and immigration restrictions have cut down their chances of establishing themselves in the United States. There is only one requirement in this direction. Their designs must be good. And why should they not be good?

Collection and distribution would appear to offer the major problem in connection with the handicrafts enterprise, once production in quantity is assured. For these functions the experts believe it will be necessary to set up an entirely new central organization, with branch establishments at strategically located points. We must make it easy for buyers to inspect our goods. Thus it is obvious that the New England states would be most conveniently served by a depot in the Maritimes. The characteristic products of French Canada

☆ Continued on page 32

Weather Man. "It's time to freshen up the Milky Way. Come along with me and you can help to do it. First of all we've got to get up to the roof."

He tied a balloon to the belt of each child, then pulled a lever which opened a round trap door in the ceiling. One by one the children floated up and through the trap door. He had given each one of them a pin with which to prick the balloon as soon as they reached the roof. So that they landed softly on their feet and found themselves looking at some strange new machinery.

"This," said the Weather Man, fussing around a little, "this is the gadget I use to put fresh milk in the Milky Way. It's really simple when you understand it. Do you think you could help me?"

"Just give us a chance!" cried Peter. "Of course we can!" said Mary eagerly. Robert said "Yus!" and leaned over to pick up a telescope. You'll remember he could only say one word at a time.

The Weather Man pressed a button to summon one of his assistants.

"We'll get started right away," he said, and showed

The door flew open—and with a frightened squawk, Robert fell through!

Now while they had been on the roof, another assistant down below in the weather room was cleaning the machines. He had moved out the most dangerous machine of all—the storm-maker—from the corner where it lived, to sweep behind it. He knew that the Weather Man was usually half an hour on the roof. So he thought he had plenty of time. The bellows of the storm-making machine was right under the trap door.

SO—when Robert fell through he came down smack on the bellows which blows out the worst storms of all!

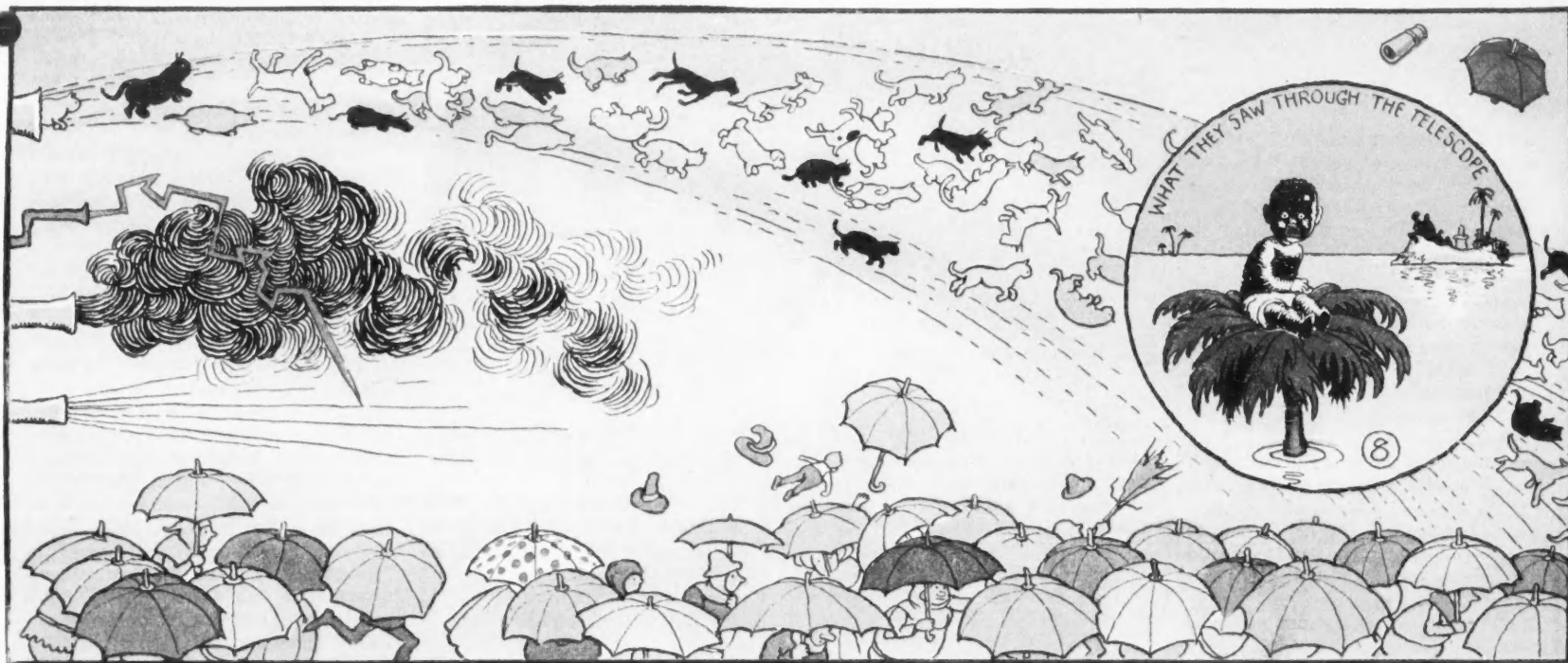
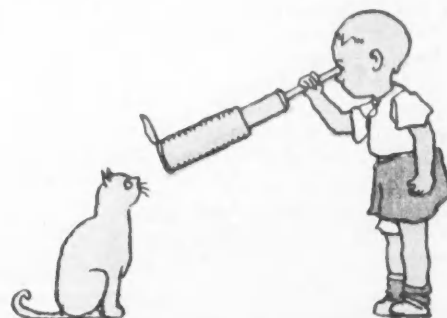
He fell so hard that there was a terrific commotion immediately. It began raining cats and dogs over thousands of people. Out of one funnel came black fog. Out of another streaks of lightning. The north, south, east and west winds raged out of still another, all at once!

The noise was appalling and terrified Robert so much that he sat there on the bellows yelling in terror. The Weather Man, with Peter and Mary, had raced to the

a palm tree and crying bitterly. All about him was water.

"We must help them," said the Weather Man. "They're flooded. They'll need food when the water subsides."

"Let us go and rescue them," said Mary. And Peter added, "I think we should, as one of our family caused the trouble."



It began raining cats and dogs over thousands of people, while fog, lightning and wind came out of the funnels.

the children how to fill the jugs with milk and pour it into the great squirt gun. When it was nearly full, the Weather Man suggested that Peter help him with the bellows, and that Mary keep on filling the container, while the assistant put milk into the jugs.

The Weather Man and Peter pulled slowly on the immense bellows and the milk shot forward right into the Milky Way, far off in the sky. "There," said the Weather Man, "that will give scientists something new to discover."

Robert watched them for a little while, and then looked at the people who had gathered on another tower of the Enchanted Castle. Next he tried staring at one of the Castle cats, through the telescope. The cat stared coldly back at him; and he soon got tired of that. Then he tried to carry a jug of milk—but he spilt it, and Mary told him rather crossly to leave things alone. So he trotted over to help the others give a tug on the bellows—but they were puffing and pulling so hard that they didn't see him, and the Weather Man trod on his toes. Robert didn't cry, but he moved quickly away and began looking for something else to do. He tried sitting in the little seats in the stonework around the edge of the tower. He went round slowly, perching himself in each one and looking 'way down where the fairy people of the Castle were going about their daily work in the courtyards below. Before he had finished, Mary spotted him, and told him for goodness' sake to keep away from the edge or he'd fall over.

So he started all over again and picked up the telescope. This time he was standing right in the middle of the round trap door which opened into the weather room below. As he was working with the telescope, his foot somehow caught on the clasp which fastened the trap door on which he was standing.

trap door, and they were shouting in excitement. "Get off! Get OFF!" But Robert was too frightened. He sat and howled without stopping. The Weather Man, still shouting, jumped down and, racing to Robert, lifted him off. Slowly the great folds of the bellows came up again. The roaring of the wind died. The crashing thunder drifted away into silence. The lightning disappeared, and all the storm machinery came slowly to rest.

"Whew!" gasped the Weather Man, picking up his hat which had fallen off. "Now you've been and gone and done it, young man!"

"Bad," whimpered Robert as Peter and Mary scrambled down from the roof.

"Not at all," said the kindly Weather Man. "You didn't do it on purpose. But let's see where all the damage was done." The children followed him silently as he walked over to a signboard with direction needles on it to all parts of the world. The main needle was pointing at . . . "Africa!" cried the Weather Man.

"What does it mean?" asked Peter, holding tightly to Robert's hand to comfort him. Mary was blowing Robert's nose and wiping his eyes.

"It means that as the indicator happened to be pointing to darkest Africa when Robert fell," said the Weather Man, "the darkies have just had the worst rainstorm—with everything else as well—in their history. They're probably flooded out. Let's look and see."

He moved over to an enormous telescope, moved some wheels and gadgets, and then peered through the glass for some time. "Ah, yes," he sighed. "Just as I thought. Look, children."

Peter and Mary peered through in turn. Each of them saw a small inky black baby sitting on the top of

The Weather Man studied them for a moment, and then smiled. "All right," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it, we'll charter the fine ship, *Goodwill*, and sail off with a cargo of food and blankets to rescue the Africans. I'll send you children down to the kitchens to help prepare the food, while I look after the ship. Let's do it right away!"

"That's fine!" cried Peter in excitement. "I love to sail a ship. Can we do it ourselves?"

"Oh, no," said the Weather Man, still fussing about the weather machine to make sure that everything was clear again. "We'll have to take a great many of the fairy folk with us. It's too big a job for us to tackle alone. Besides it will be an exciting trip—so the more of us, the merrier."

Just then Mary remembered her mother. "We'd better tell her, Peter," she warned. "We came here to help her by getting a magic wish. If she hears we've gone traipsing off to darkest Africa without asking her permission she'll be very angry."

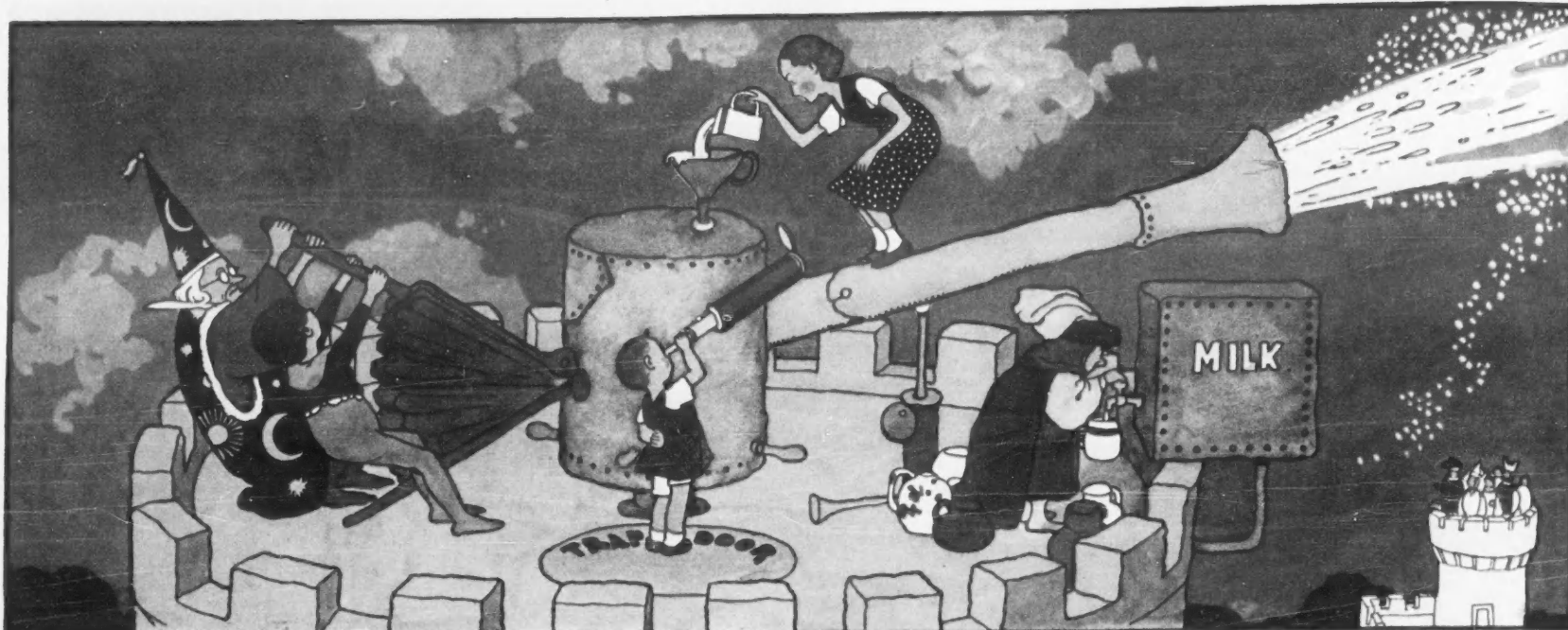
The Weather Man shook his head. "Don't worry, little ones," he said. "You mustn't forget that this is an Enchanted Castle. I happen to know that the beautiful Princess who has been watching us, has seen all we've been doing. She knows about the accident and your decision to make amends by going to the rescue of the Africans. She will see that your mother knows all about it."

"Then that's all right!" said Peter, and Mary added, "Come on—let's hurry."

Robert said, "Goody!" and off they started for the kitchens.

(Next month you travel down into the magic kitchens of the Enchanted Castle, where the children prepare for their rescue trip to darkest Africa. Do you want to go too?)





As they watched, the Weather Man pulled the great trigger, and the milk shot forward right into the Milky Way, far off in the sky.

## The Enchanted Castle

Pictured by W. Heath Robinson



THIS IS the story of three children, Peter, Mary and Robert, who went on a magic adventure to the Enchanted Castle. Do you remember what happened in the first chapter? How they lived with their mother who was very poor, and how the strange black cat came to their cottage and told them that if they walked over a hundred hills to the Enchanted Castle they could have a magic wish? They reached the Castle with the help of the White Knight, and the beautiful Princess welcomed them and made them feel very glad they had come.

On the first morning they awoke in their beautiful room, the three children wondered what the day's adventures would bring. They dressed themselves very carefully and brushed each other's hair to make sure it was all smooth and then, step by step, went down the aerial stairway to the banquet hall. There was no sign of the beautiful Princess, but as soon as the children stood in the doorway, the fairy servants came forward and led them to the table, where they were served a delicious breakfast.

When it was over, they waited a few moments for someone to come and tell them what to do. The palace

servants only smiled and bowed at them, but did not answer any of their questions.

"Let's go out into the hall," suggested Mary. "Maybe there's someone waiting by the front door to show us around the palace."

The clear call of a bugle sounded as they stepped into the great hall. On a small platform at one side, the Castle bugler was blowing away vigorously. The three children watched him intently. After a few moments he stopped, and, pointing at them, said, "Come with me, please. You're to see the Weather Man."

He was a friendly bugler and the children were glad to go with him. They climbed so many stairs that Robert lost his breath, and Mr. Rudytoot, the bugler, had to toot for a winged gnome to take him by the hand and fly with him to the top.

The stairs led to the top of the tower, where they came to a most curious room. It was filled with strange-looking contraptions of all kinds, and the children gaped in astonishment. Mr. Rudytoot gave a peculiar little toot on his bugle, and from behind one of the machines came a very kind-looking old gentleman. The children knew he was the Weather Man, because of his strange clothes. The stars and moons glowed on the fabric of his costume and a star-pointing coned hat was set above his solemn face. A long white beard flowed almost to his toes.

"Thank you, Rudytoot," he said. "I got my orders from the Princess this morning. I'll look after the young 'uns." He shook hands with all three of them and said, "Would you like to see how I handle the weather?"

"Oh, please show us!" cried Peter. And Mary added, "We've always wondered about it."

Robert said, "Wain."

"He likes it," explained Mary. "Rain. He likes to walk in the puddles that come after it."

The Weather Man smiled at Robert, who was looking very pleased with himself, and began to show the children the wonderful machinery for weather-making.

There were levers for turning on snow; and pushing back clouds. Or turning the wind from one direction to another.

There were valve wheels for making all kinds of rain, from drizzles to deluges.

Stacked up in corners were big boxes for holding fogs and mists, and cages for cats and dogs in readiness for the days it rained cats and dogs.

"It's all wonderful," whispered Peter, impressed by the strange machines. "But how do they work?"

"That's just what we're going to see," said the



Robert fell with a loud bang on the bellows which controlled the thunder, lightning and wind.

The children started in astonishment at the strange machinery in the Weather Man's room. "How does he make it all work?" they wondered.

## The Letters of Davina

Continued from page 3

Somewhere Near London.

WELL, DARLING, I have started my bit of war work—perfectly horrid, but what can one expect? In a reinforced basement with sandbagged windows I have my daily shift, watching by the telephone at the report centre, waiting for air-raid warnings to come in. The first time, very scared, I left complete with several books and a warm coat, while the family were in the middle of lunch. At the sandbagged entrance to the cellar was a chalked notice, Air Warden Headquarters. I groped through the cellar and found a door. Inside was a small reinforced room with electric light, shabby sofa, large table, helmets, gas masks, etc. Mrs. Groves and the head warden were there and gave me a multitude of instructions about how to do what I had to do, and the different air-raid signals, etc. Then off they went and left me alone, with shaking knees, to deal with hordes of invading Germans!

Tomorrow, Sunday morning, I am again on duty at the report centre—I am horrified to learn that some circles feel there may be air-raid action this week-end. I do hope my voice won't quaver too much on the telephone.

Next Day.

My voice didn't quaver as there was no warning, thank heaven! You ask for news of your friends—but it is difficult to get as we are all violently busy and living, mostly, in different places. Everyone seems more or less as usual, considering that there is no social life worth mentioning, what with the blackout and the petrol shortage. The BBC Home Service loosed a new song on the wireless last night, "We are doing our bit for the Village, the Major, the Squire and Me"—and that just about sums us up. It is terribly funny, but doing any kind of A.R.P. work is extremely exclusive, only the Best people in the village get a look in at all. I never knew they considered me a Best person (especially as I'm never at home in normal times!) until they rang me up and implored me to join in the good work. Apparently they turned people down right and left, either because they weren't the calm, collected type they wanted, or for more snobby reasons! Evidently the reward for being socially impeccable is the privilege of sitting in a damp, sandbagged basement waiting

for the worst to happen. Oh, England!

I hope this isn't a petty and acrimonious letter, darling. I'm really full of the Brotherhood of Man, and the discomforts of war have been but minor yet!

Have you any spare electric torches and batteries, they are rather scarce?

With love,  
Davina.

Darling,

This is written on a wet muggy Monday morning, and I am sitting in our A.R.P. headquarters, waiting for news of air raids to come in. The rain drips dismally off the sandbags in the windows, and altogether it is rather a zero hour. Beside me is a report telling one what to do in case of a raid. One interesting tip is to put a pencil between one's teeth, to prevent (a) biting one's tongue off in an explosion, or (b) splitting one's eardrums. There is one delightful tale, told of the first air-raid alarm here. The sirens were blowing, wardens, muffled to the teeth in helmets and rubber boots, rushed past, blowing their whistles, and confusion reigned supreme. Amid the clatter of anti-aircraft guns Mr. Mutch of the post office appeared at the door of his shop, waving a banner which said, "Take Lyon's Ice Cream, and Keep Cool!"

I've been hectically busy this week. I crossed London the other day on my way to see Jay. It looks thoroughly warlike—sandbags, gas masks and uniforms everywhere. The policemen are slung about with helmets and things, and you could almost imagine you were in the Maginot line already. It was dark before I got home—and it is a grisly business travelling through blacked-out London. Not a glimmer of light shows in the stations, and the train carriages are like the Styx.

I've got a mile-o-meter thing for my bicycle—and have ridden seventy-eight miles in this one week—won't I be slim by the time this war is over!

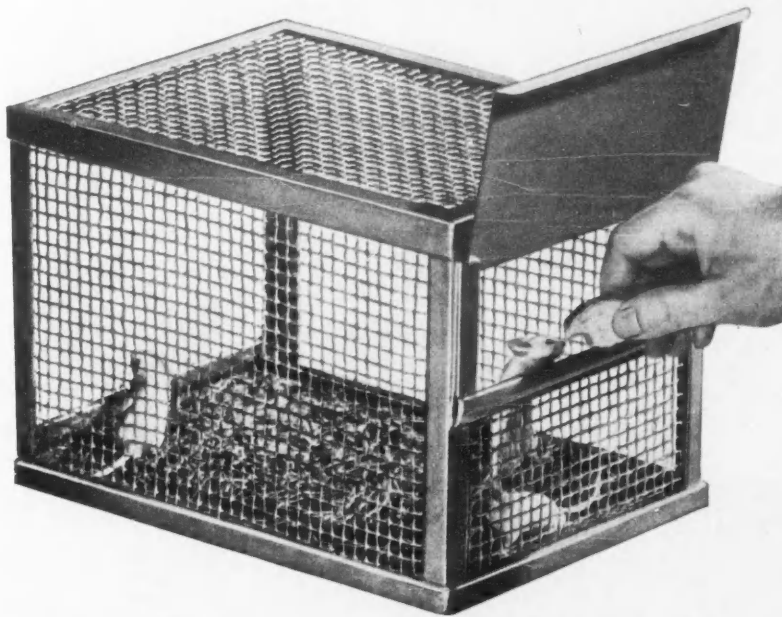
Continued several days later.

MY WATCH was interrupted yesterday, surprisingly, by young Guy Cross, who asked me if I'd come that evening to the village hall and throw a fit of hysterics, as they were having a practice for our Mobile First Aid Unit, and that was one of the things they would have to deal with! Foolishly, after a bit of persuasion, I consented, as most of the village had volunteered



"Stop that at once!" she commanded, and with full force she slapped me in the face.

# Mice and Men against Pneumonia



FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH PURPOSES, the white mice you see above are almost miniature human beings.

Their reactions to the pneumonia germ and to certain methods of diagnosing and treating pneumonia have been of invaluable help in the dramatic struggle waged by men and their little laboratory-helpers, mice, against death from this serious disease.

▶ Perhaps you do not realize how much progress has recently been made in this struggle—that the death rate from pneumonia has dropped nearly *one half* in the past ten years.

Diagnosis of pneumonia is now more certain, determination of the type more accurate. Serums have been developed which are highly effective in combating the disease—provided they are given in time. New chemical compounds also are playing an important role in the control of pneumonia.

That this progress *has* been made, that it offers so much hope of relief and cure, gives you more reason than ever for being on the alert to detect pneumonia's danger signals. More reason, too, for letting your doctor know about them promptly, and thus give him the opportunity of determining as soon as possible which treatment is most appropriate for your particular case.

▶ Though pneumonia *may* strike without warning, the most common symptoms usually appear after a cold or grippy

infection or some extreme exposure or exhaustion. These symptoms consist of: **Sudden chill. Fever. Pain in side. Cough. Thick, rust-colored sputum. Hurried, somewhat labored breathing.** Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness which may be pneumonia. So, a doctor should be called at once. Tragic situations have resulted from delay in seeking medical treatment. Pneumonia works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippy, call a doctor, take the precaution of resting, and stay away from other people as much as possible.

▶ During the coming danger months, there is much that can be done to keep your resistance high to these infections. Metropolitan's booklet—"Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia"—contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble. Fill out and mail the coupon and we shall send you this booklet free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company,  
Dept. 1-L-40, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me a copy of your booklet,  
"Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Province .....

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA



## Something Old

Continued from page 13

"What? Do your mother out of her fun? You wouldn't have the heart."

"I wish she didn't like it." She leaned back and rested her head on his shoulder. "The garden's looking nice."

"Pity the roses aren't at their best."

"They'll be out by the time I'm back."

"How d'you mean back?"

She wanted to clutch at him, to say: "Dad, don't mind, I'll still be Gillian."

It made the bit of her that felt miserable, feel worse, to know she was not the only person in the house in a muddle of minding and being glad; only in dad's case it was mostly "minding."

"I'll be staying a lot." Even as she spoke she knew neither to herself nor him was that a comforting sort of thing to hear, so she rubbed her face on his sleeve and ran out of the room.

JEREMY turned his car in at the gate. He was feeling annoyed. What right had Mrs. Maul to tell him he could have "just a peep" at Gillian? What a nerve! Who was she marrying today, anyway!

Gillian could recognize the sound of Jeremy's car among hundreds; she was at the far end of the lawn, but she came running.

"Gillian."

"Jeremy."

"Get in and let's sneak off somewhere."

"We could go to the little bridge."

"Nip in then. If your mother sees us, she'll stop us."

Gillian paused with her foot on the step. Something, the barest inflection in Jeremy's voice, grated on her over-stretched nerves.

"You sound as if mum was interfering."

"Oh, I dare say she means all right, but after all you're nearly my wife. If I want to talk to you, I don't see why I shouldn't."

Gillian took her foot off the step.

"She'll still be my mother when I'm your wife, and I suppose she still has some say." Jeremy, not understanding how Gillian's mind was working, and a little hurt by her tone, gave a short laugh. She flushed. "What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing, just thoughts. Come on, darling."

"What thoughts?"

"Oh, just because mothers-in-law always seem to be jokes."

All the morning Gillian had needed scarcely a breath to overcharge her emotions. Now Jeremy's words released them. Fight as she would, tears came tumbling out of her eyes and a jumble of words from her mouth.

"You're hateful to talk of mum like that—when I'm just going away and nobody caring, but having my bedroom done up and made a spare room while I'm still here—and only dad remembered to feed Hansel and Gretel—and it would have been all right if we had gone to the river like I wanted to and not any fuss—anyway I never did want a big wedding—I wanted a little one—and now I don't think I will be married at all—and—"

They all came crowding round—her mother, her father, Joey, John—patting, comforting. "Come to your

room, darling—" "Come into my study, let's talk this out—" "Don't be a fool, Gillian. I felt just like you do on my wedding day. It's nothing, it passes off."

IN THE middle of it all old Mrs. Maul came out of the front door. She had been seventy-two last birthday. All the anxieties of her life, and there had been many, were etched in fine lines on her face. She always said: "Because one is growing old there is no excuse to be dowdy." She wore black always, even on a granddaughter's wedding

a fuss. "I've something in my room for you." She glanced over the heads of her relations to Jeremy. "Will you wait a minute or two, my dear boy? I should like to talk to you before you go." If it had not been Gillian's grandmother speaking, Jeremy would have sworn she gave a slight wink.

Grandmother had a way of impressing her essence on any room in which she passed even one night. A faint odor of potpourri, some lace over a chair, the things on the dressing table, a neat bundle of letters in a writing case, gave a feeling of another date, to

noon, dear, but I should like you to wear this." Grandmother held out the box.

Gillian choked back a sob and opened it. Inside was a brooch, and on the brooch a plaque. There was writing on it. She brushed the tears out of the way, turned it to the light, and read, "My love hath my heart."

"You can wear it pinned to your underthings during the ceremony, but I should like you to wear it."

"But—"

Grandmother was oblivious to interruptions as to tears.

"Your grandfather gave it to me on the anniversary of our wedding day and it was not new then. His father had given it to his mother, and I dare say it belonged farther back still."

Gillian turned the brooch over, feeling miserable, wondering about Jeremy. Would he have waited, or had he gone home in a temper?

"It has brought happiness, that little brooch." Grandmother went on. "You know we women are so apt to be curmudgeonly with our hearts. We divide them up so."

"How?"

Grandmother seemed not to be talking to Gillian but to the ghost of herself when she was Gillian's age.

"Marriage is giving all of yourself. I was a silly girl and forgot that. I expected to run home and talk of this and that to my mother. Your grandfather when he pinned that brooch on me said, 'Have I your heart?' I read what was written and was covered with shame that he had to ask." She smiled kindly at her foolish young self. "But there, I dare say the other women who had worn it needed reminding too, and even you may some time." She squeezed Gillian's hand. "Run along, dear, and show it to your Jeremy."

"GOOD-BY, darling dad, look after Hansel and Gretel."

"Good-by, mum."

"Good-by, Joey."

"Good-by, John."

"Good-by. Good-by."

The family waved until the car was out of sight.

"What a pretty wedding," said Gillian's mother.

"Come on, mother," Gillian's father tucked his arm under grandmother's. "Come and sit down." He led her toward a chair under a tree. "It was a kind thought giving Gillian that brooch; she felt it brought a benison. Funny I never remember seeing you wear it."

"You never did."

"But she told me you said—"

Grandmother smiled.

"I'm afraid I told rather a tarriddle, but it's such a mistake clinging to things; she was, you know, and you were all helping her."

He grinned.

"Was it all made up? Grandfather giving it to you, everything?"

She nodded and lowered her voice. "I bought it last week at a bazaar."

"You bad old woman."

She chuckled.

"Aren't I! But it will do her good to read what it says. We all need reminding, especially at the beginning." ☆

## Parka for Winter Wear



Monarch Dove was used for the original Parka.



White with multicolored band of stripes to frame your face. Band at neck continues in front to form ties.

Tension of stitch—7 sts. = 1 inch. 9 rows = 1 inch.

### Materials:

4-ply wool in one-ounce balls  
2 balls white  
1 ball blue  
1 ball scarlet  
1 ball daffodil  
1 pair No. 11 needles  
1 pair No. 13 needles  
1 fine crochet hook

Starting at lower edge, with No. 11 needles and White wool, cast on 60 sts.

Work in stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row) for 10 rows.

Next Row—K1, S1, K1, PSSO, knit to end.

Work 9 rows even.

Repeat the last 10 rows twice (57 sts. on needle).

Join Scarlet, change to No. 13 needles.

Knit 1 row, casting on 70 sts. at the end of row. (127 sts. on needle). Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 5 rows.

Join White, work 2 rows.

Join Daffodil, work 6 rows.

Join White, work 2 rows.

Join Blue, work 5 rows.

Next Row—Cast off 70 sts., rib to end (57 sts. on needle). Change to No. 11 needles.

day, but exquisite well-cut black, and her silver white hair was perfectly arranged.

She had a gift for getting her own way with apparently no effort. Now, quite quietly, she had her arm through Gillian's and was leading her into the house.

"I want you, Gillian, dear," she said, just as if she could not see that Gillian was crying, and everybody in

Join White, continue in stocking stitch until work measures 17 inches from ribbing.

Change to No. 13 needles.

Join Blue, knit 1 row, casting on 70 sts. at end of row. Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 5 rows.

Join White, work 2 rows.

Join Daffodil, work 6 rows.

Join White, work 2 rows.

Join Scarlet, work 5 rows.

Next Row—Cast off 70 sts., rib to end.

Join White, continue in stocking stitch for 10 rows.

Next Row—K1, K2 sts. in next st., knit to end.

Work 9 rows even.

Repeat the last 10 rows twice (60 sts. on needle).

Cast off.

TURN BACK — With No. 13 needles and Scarlet wool, cast on 20 sts. Work in ribbing (K1, P1), working in stripes, thus:

\*Scarlet 12 rows; White 2 rows; Daffodil 12 rows; White 2 rows; Blue 12 rows; White 2 rows.\*

Repeat from \* to \* 3 times.

Work in Scarlet for 12 rows. Cast off.

TO FINISH—Sew back of parka. Sew colored band around front edge.

Work 1 row s.c. around neck edge.

Sew in fine elastic at top and bottom of colored band at neck. ☆

the rather commonplace spare bedroom. Grandmother went to a drawer in the dressing table and took out a little box; she sat with it in her hand on the sofa. She seemed totally unaware that Gillian was in anyway distressed, and in the face of such oblivion Gillian's sobs, if not exactly stopping, grew softer.

"I don't know what you had planned to wear for 'something old' this after-

A DEPARTMENT OF  
STYLE, HEALTH  
AND PERSONALITY



# Be Dramatic After Dark

By CAROLYN DAMON

NINE MEN out of ten propose in the evening. Ask the novelists. Ask Hollywood. Or the glamour girl in your own neighborhood.

And if you happen to feel you haven't been tuning in on the right question-popper very successfully of late . . . could it be that there isn't enough "oomph" in the way you get yourself up, come sundown?

Of course, you might be one of those women who don't give a hoot what any man thinks about the way they dress. Then this is not for you. But if the appraising masculine eye does things to your ego (and I'm counting in husbands, sons and family friends as well as beaux), you'll find it most worth while to look your loveliest after dinner.

Why?

Because shaded lamps . . . fireglow . . . moonlight . . . all help to set the stage for you. Because the men you know, however much they see you at the office, on the street, in your house, often haven't time really to observe you until they relax after working hours. And because your most potent weapons against the commonplaces of everyday are flattering clothes, exciting make-up and exquisite grooming.

Please be a different person when you're off duty than when you're on. Whatever your job is.

You don't have to put on airs. But you can get into a different frock and an "isn't-this-going-to-be-fun" air when you're dated by the lad in the office. That's why they have special "date" dresses now—just as informal as the things you wear in the daytime—but different. Don't spend an evening with your husband in the little number you made his toast in, even if nobody's coming in but the neighbors for a bridge game. Observe the "hostess" gown, designed to give you an air for evenings in your own house. Don't come home late from downtown and think that by washing your face and slipping into a floor length dress you're ready for a party.

For hair ornaments, gloves, evening jackets and jewellery were all designed for the express purpose of making you over—after dark.

You've got to feel well dressed, too, in order to look it.

"You always start to have a good time the minute a party begins, don't you?" I observed to the most popular girl in a gay young crowd I know.

"Oh, no, I don't," she smiled. "I start the day before."

That's where the bright young things often have it over the oldsters. They take an "early night" the night before the party. Do whatever needs to be done to their hair, get nails in order, attend the cleansing and creaming of their faces with special care. And let sleep do the rest.

They plan to the last detail what frock and fixings they will wear. Try on, press, mend and launder, where necessary. And so, on the evening of the party, they are ready to slip into a tub, make-up and get into their outfits. They go forth fresh and dewy, instead of uncertain, half-thrown-together and harassed about little things.

That is, the cleverest of them do. And so should all of us. Especially for the big parties.

## BEAUTY CULTURE



Scintillating in ermine and iceberg blue satin. (Bonwit-Teller.)

*Can you turn from working woman into lovely lady, come the eventide? For that's a fashion cue in this strange new year of grace and gravity. Here are some tricks of the transformation*

This year, as never before, the couturiers are our allies in looking glamorous after dark. They're designing the most useful and practical clothes that ever saw the light of day—for daytime. And the most glittering and exciting things they've ever done—for after dark. Because it is their job to turn the new hard-going, busy woman of today into the traditional lovely lady of the evening. They've done it by creating a new world of exciting color, exquisite fabric and brilliant accessory.

### Shall We Dress?

THAT'S THE question of the hour. You're going more places, doing more things in the daytime, than ever before. And, according to leading Canadian

stylists, you're practically living all day in well-turned-out suits, tailored hats and easily manageable hair-dresses. Time is at a premium for dressing. Thus we get some new wartime fashions. One is the "covered-up" theme. It makes a formal dress with a high neckline, and even sometimes covered arms. So that you can wear it from dinner on, at even the biggest affairs. On the other hand, you've earned the right to look exceptionally gay after working hours. So you may choose the brightest reds, lovely deep wine shades, rich purples and blues, gay pink champagnes, a range of rich golden yellows. Unless you're simply at a loss without a black frock, do wear color for your formal evening dress.

The big parties—balls, ☆ Continued on page 26



NOTE BRENDA JOYCE'S lovely hands. With RICHARD GREENE in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Little Old New York". Jergens Lotion helps you have lovable, soft hands.



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(Lovely Hollywood Star)

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(MADE IN CANADA)

to turn up as various casualties—broken legs, split heads, etc. Mother wasn't particularly thrilled with my role—and I lived to regret it, too. At eight o'clock the bomb was supposed to fall on the village, and the casualties were supposed to turn up at eighty-three to nine. Dear Mr. Tree is in the unit, and very busy, as he has to boil up the water on little stoves as quickly as he can.

At eight o'clock unfortunately it started to pelt with rain and, muffled to my eyebrows in rubber boots and other impedimenta, I set off through the dripping, complete dark, with only the insufficient light of a torch, blacked out with layers of blue tissue paper. I groped my way through the village, and outside the village hall I was clutched by the soaking vicar, who had been detailed off to receive the casualties. "Are you a victim?" he croaked, and then with relish, "Ah, yes, the hysteria case." He led me through the darkened entrance, and my choking cries and maniacal laughs began. Into the hall we staggered, I still twined in the arms of the church. The hall was arranged rather like a shoe shop, with male cases down one aisle and female ones the other, and screened off at the back, the ambulance bandaging and operating section. All the other cases had arrived quite decently, and just mentioned mildly that they were hemorrhaging from the mouth, or had broken their collarbone.

My entrance rather electrified the

whole place. Up sprang Mrs. Gordon stately in veil and apron of the St. John Ambulance Squad. Down on the moaning figure in the arms of the frenzied vicar she bore. "Stop that at once," she commanded, and with full force slapped me in the face! My cries rather hastily abated—and then, feeling that I had not quite given her a run for her money, I started again. Hardly had I opened my mouth before two more thundering slaps caught my defenseless cheek. I hastily abandoned my plan of flinging myself to the floor and waving my gum boots in the air. With gulping sobs I was led to a chair in the Ladies' Department, amid the rather convulsed casualties, while Mrs. Gordon plied me with sweet tea.

Then, and only then, did she realize what she had done! The realism of my acting had carried her away, and not appreciating for the moment that the hysterics were assumed entirely for her benefit, I had received the full force of her efficient treatment! This morning I received a most abject and apologetic letter from the poor old dear. So, pet, don't ever volunteer to be the hysteria patient at a First Aid tryout—it's most painful! Mrs. West, sitting next to me with a handage twisted round her ample jumper (broken ribs), implored me to throw another fit, but I firmly demurred, and the true English treatment of hot tea to all victims quietly continued.

With love,  
Davina. ☆

## Sweater with Collar and Cuffs

Continued from page 16

Next row—Rib back to within 2 sts., ending K2tog.

Repeat the last 2 rows once more. (44 sts. remain). Continue on these sts. without further shaping until work measures 17 in.

### \* \* SHAPE NECK

Commencing at centre edge:—  
Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next row, then decrease one st. at same edge each row until 28 sts. remain.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 18½ in.

### SHAPE SHOULDER

Commencing at armhole edge:  
Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row four times. \* \*

Return to remaining 52 sts. joining wool at centre, and cast off first 2 sts., then work in rib to within 2 sts., ending K2tog.

Continue on these sts. knitting 2tog each row at armhole edge until 44 sts. remain.

Continue on these 44 sts. without further shaping until work measures 17 in.

Now complete as Left Front from \* \* to \* \*.

### Long Sleeves

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 66 sts. and work in K2, P2 rib for 3 in., then, still working in rib, commence increasing one st. at each end of every 8th row until sleeve measures 14 in. (Taking the increased sts. into rib.) Now increase one st. at each end of every 6th row until sleeve measures 18 in.

### SHAPE HEAD OF SLEEVE

K2tog at each end of next 10 rows, then K2tog at beginning of every row until sleeve measures 6 in. from where head shaping commenced.

Cast off remaining sts.

### Short Sleeves

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 90 sts. and work in K2, P2 rib for 2 in., then still working in rib, commence increasing one st. at each end of next and every following 3rd row until sleeve measures 4½ in. (Taking the increased sts. into rib pattern.)

### SHAPE HEAD OF SLEEVE

As for Long sleeve.

### To Make Up

Do not press. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams, then sew sleeves into armholes with centre of head of sleeve to shoulder seam. Sew zip in place down centre front, then stitch collar and cuffs neatly in position round neck and sleeves. If using neck trimming (which can be bought by the yard), measure the amount required and tack round the neck and cuffs, allowing sufficient for the jumper to go over the head. The cuffs will probably be neater if the welts of the sleeves are left open for 2-3 in., so that the trimming can be made to fit quite tightly round the cuffs, which can then be fastened with press studs or zips. When arranged satisfactorily, stitch neatly in position. A small bow can be bought ready made to match the trimming if desired. ☆



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Tomorrow's mother goes out to dinner today in a well-fitted jacket gown with full skirt and adjustable waistline. For afternoon she chooses deep green crepe in a wrap-around with clever tucking and folded waistline.



## Tomorrow's Mother

"ADJUSTABLE" fashions have changed the outlook of tomorrow's mother, today. With the modern realization that one may do any number of things while waiting for the happy event, comes a whole new clothes philosophy. How one looks (and feels, to a considerable extent) depends very much on whether or not one wears attractive interesting clothes especially designed for their purpose. Also, strangely enough, the more one's outfit is "specialized," the more one looks like everyone else. For clothes must be scientifically and medically correct, and yet they can be patterned after the new modes, if they are made cleverly enough.

There are some important things to be watched. Weight should be hung from the shoulders, with no tight lacing or strapping (unless under doctor's orders). High-heeled shoes can be lined up neatly in the closet "for the duration." They not only heighten the danger of falling, but tend to throw the abdomen forward and cause strain. Besides, good brogues will be essential for the two or three hours a day walking usually advised. Round garters should be discarded.

Lovely, colorful things are being designed nowadays to see their wearers through from morning till night. Day might begin with a crisp working smock in a gay yellow or fresh green, over a housefrook. It's wise to have a few fastened-down-the-front or zip-

pered house dresses tucked away with the layette, too.

For sport or street wear (and there are lots of such outfits) soft woollens are smart... often made with swinging butcher boy tops and full skirts with unpressed pleats. A blurry plaid jacket, fingertip length, would be a nice complement to such a suit. And give one a sense of gaiety.

There are any number of soft woollens and jerseys for afternoon, particularly in the rich dark tones—blacks, deep blues, forest greens, maroons. It's better to keep in one color from head to foot, with touches of color if desired. If wool seems uncomfortable for a time, lighter fabrics like silks or rayons are good. A small print in a silk fabric with a redingote of sheer black or navy would be very good.

For evenings spent at home the lovely feminine hostess gowns in lavenders, pale pinks, greys and blues are lovely. Or there are lounging pyjamas with adjustable waistlines in the full hanging trousers, and gay, full tops, Oriental style, with festive embroidery. For evenings out, nothing is nicer than a soft dark-colored crepe gown with matching jacket.

Night wear might include long-sleeved flannelette gowns for winter, and loose hanging soft cotton or soft silk for summer. A washable dressing gown is also a good item. There are adjustable slips. ☆ *Cont'd on next page*



# Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

**"A NEW FUR COAT NEEDS  
SOFT HANDS TO SET IT OFF!"**

DON'T GO, HONEY—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM JIM

GRAND! I'D LOVE TO—WHAT IS IT?

LOOK! A FUR COAT! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!

IT'S A BEAUTY, SALLY. SUCH A RICH, DARK BROWN... OH, BUT SALLY!!!

WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?

YOUR HANDS! SO RED AND ROUGH. THEY DON'T GO WITH THE COAT AT ALL... THEY BELONG IN THE KITCHEN SINK

HOUSEWORK AND COLD WEATHER JUST MAKE A MESS OF MY HANDS—I CAN'T HELP IT

WELL, HINDS CAN! HERE, SMOOTH YOUR HANDS WITH THIS WONDERFUL LOTION

UMM...THIS HINDS SURELY GOES ON WITH A NICE SOOTHING FEEL

IT'S MY JOB TO KNOW WHAT HELPS SOFTEN UP CHAPPED HANDS FAST—AND HINDS DOES. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING!

NOW HOW DO I LOOK, HONEY? MY HANDS FEEL AWFULLY SOFT...

THEY LOOK BETTER, TOO, SALLY—YOU'RE A PRETTY PICTURE RIGHT TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS... BUT DON'T FORGET—KEEP ON USING HINDS FOR THE KIND OF SOFT, EXPENSIVE-LOOKING HANDS THAT GO WITH FUR COATS!

### IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

**W**ANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, work-abused hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, hard water, harsh cleansers take away. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymoon Hands." Contains Vitamin D. At toilet goods counters. 85¢, 45¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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Powder base  
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lotion  
Body-rub



# HINDS FOR HANDS

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Toronto, Ont.



# "TELL ME, DOCTOR



... What is this 'DETTOL'? Nurse tells me you used it at the hospital when baby was born; now she uses it on all the children's cuts and scratches. Could I use it... for personal cleansing, I mean?"

'DETTOL' is the brand name of the modern British antiseptic now being used to give you protection at our great maternity hospitals. Naturally, such a product is safe and effective for women's intimate personal uses as well as other antiseptic purposes. For while 'DETTOL' is powerful in destroying the germs of infection (several times as effective as pure carbolic acid) yet, it is non-poisonous, gentle to delicate human tissue and so clean and clear it will not even stain your linen. 'DETTOL' is really pleasant to use and an excellent deodorant. As part of your health-and-daintiness routine, 'DETTOL' will keep you immaculate and assured. Ask your doctor.

Use 'DETTOL' Antiseptic also on cuts, bites and abrasions to prevent dreaded infection—as a gargle for sore throats, as a cleansing deodorant in the bath and for other home uses. Full directions with every bottle.

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Please send me FREE trial bottle of 'DETTOL'  
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ADDRESS.....

## FASHION SHORTS

By KAY MURPHY

IT'S A gay winter, after all. Four months "at war" finds us getting our second wind. Parties, and plenty of them. The Boys like 'em, and nothing like a uniform to put a gal on her mettle... Evening dresses are slim and slinky or miles of skirtage. Bright colors and white prevailing. But never anything to touch that "sinful" black frock!... Sequins, jets, lavish jewellery, embroidery, either in beads or brilliant threads—they're all good. Brilliant sashes, plenty of flowers... no matter how ancient your party dress may be, it takes 'on the 1940 manner with a few deft touches.

☆☆  
FROM England and France comes the good news that, while women may be toning down their street colors, they

ing colors, a new fad. Of course you can make them yourself. Attach them to bobby pins, for comfort. If it's a party, use metallic ribbon in different shades... Hoods on everything. Coats, sweaters (grand for skating), bathrobes and even nighties. Matching hoods and muffs a high fashion. Excellent if you can knit 'em, or run 'em up in a heavy flannel. Awfully cute-looking on smaller girls, too... And if you're planning a new blouse for yourself and want it warm and bright, make the sleeves or yoke in bright red. They cost p-l-e-n-t-y down here!

☆☆  
BY THE way, how's your figure? Hope it's slim and trim. But I hear from London that women have gone off diets quite a bit recently. Doctors are urging them to eat hearty and give the house a good name, as the old Western rooming houses used to word it. As one famous Harley Street specialist recently said: "It's a pleasure to see a few extra pounds nowadays. Cherish them." But you know me, I was always against those insane diets. I've seen too many women on the broad of their backs from stinting at the table. Food is like fashion—use your own discretion and you'll always come out okay.

☆☆  
DOING any skating? The short flared skirts are still in the money. Lined up with red, and teamed with red panties and jacket, they look very festive. Quite a fashion run on old-fashioned lumberjacks as toppers, with matching hoods... I told you before that turquoise is quite the smartest of winter trimmings for black. Well, here's further news. Add coral to your turquoise and you're even niftier than ever. Coral and turquoise jewellery, bead embroidery, neckerchiefs, scarves, sashes—goodness! You know all the doodads you can connive... If you want a tricky little evening hat in a



are more than making up for it at parties and at home. Wondrous tales I'm hearing of brilliantly colored party dresses, luscious housecoats, devastating little sweaters and smocks to pop over sober-minded fashions... Quite a fad for those tightly knitted vests, to wear at a chilly committee meeting, or just any old place... And if it's very cold up where you are, the gals in New York have taken over some of your problems for you. They are wearing red flannel panties and petticoats, just for the fun of it. But listen—they're trimming the ruddies with picot-edged ruffles and contrasting lace. Warmth with oomph!... And another older fashion comes back into swingtime. 'Member those knee-length woollen stockings we used to wear on an extra cold day? You'll see them now on Fifth Avenue, but matched up with woollen mitts. And the cuffs of both gauntlets and stockings are edged with fur. Hope you get the hint... Velvet bows in so many curls. Three little bows, in harmoniz-

WOOL GOES WORLDLY in this excellent example of the new "covered-up" dinner dress with Schiaparelli's peg-top pockets. The bodice has the lines of a simple shirtwaist and yards and yards of soft grey jersey swing gracefully in the cleverly cut flaring skirt. "Hanks" of grey and Tuscan grape wool are combined with a crocheted woollen snood in the hat, a novel creation from Florence Reichman. The bracelet is of silver cellophane. Photograph, courtesy The Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

minute, take two or three large flowers, and sew 'em on a velvet band. Two flowers in the front, or the back; another flower at the other end of your head. Felt flowers are particularly smart... Tailored metallic blouses, with long sleeves, exceptionally good-looking with a velvet skirt. Good plan to have two velvet skirts—one long and one short. Grand for evening or the tea hour, and top it sometimes with a fluffy angora sweater—it's super! ☆

## Miss Draper Serves Her Country

Continued from page 7

she picked up the two smallest ones and carried them up to the bathroom.

Now, what happened down in the kitchen nobody knows, for Maggie had hardly got the bath running when Miss Draper came rushing upstairs and burst into the bathroom crying out, "Oh, Maggie, I can't stay down there with those awful children! They ask such questions!"

And Maggie, who was having to be particularly strong-minded herself, as she stripped the rags off the two little kids, said, a bit more sharply than was proper, "If you've got nothing worse than questions to put up with, mum, you don't need to grumble."

This, apparently, made Miss Draper a bit ashamed of herself. She said nothing for a minute or two, while Maggie was lifting the two children into the bath; and a sweeter little couple, under the dirt, you could hardly imagine, according to Maggie. She put them down at three apiece, and fell a bit more in love with them as each layer of grime came off their little bodies. They were not at all afraid of the water, although it must have been the first bath they ever had in their lives, and when it came to rubbing the carbolie soap into their hair, the curls started to shine like wet silk and were so thick you could hardly separate them to get at their little scalps.

And I think Miss Draper, for all her dislike of children, must have felt something as she watched Maggie bending and splashing and crooning a bit to the kids—she's a properly motherly girl—for presently she said, "Can—can I do anything to help, Maggie?"

Maggie admits she was feeling a bit cross with Miss Draper, for being so weak-kneed and silly about the whole affair, or else she would never have answered what she did to the offer.

"If you like to go downstairs, mum, and fetch the kitchen tongs—the sooner the better them rags are stuffed in the fire," she mumbled, through the hair that was falling all over her own face, and the steam of the bath that was ruining the best of her "perm."

Well, Miss Draper gave a little

gasp—and then, to Maggie's astonishment, she heard her going downstairs. Presently she came back with the tongs, as Maggie had suggested, and started clumsily to scrape the little pile of rags together.

"Oh, mum, I didn't mean it. I'll see to them in a minute!"

But Miss Draper set her lips and, holding the tongs at arm's length before her, she stumbled downstairs again, and went to the kitchen stove.

MAGGIE WAS in her element with those two babies—they weren't much more. They started to chatter a bit of baby talk, while she rubbed them with the big, soft towels, and powdered them with Miss Draper's talc, and dried the curls which sprang up like gold wire all over their heads. They were a lovely couple, and it was quite obvious they were twins. For poor children, they weren't so miserable, either—the little girl was quite plump, and the little boy had fine strong legs and a great idea of kicking and showing off in front of his sister and Maggie. Maggie asked them what they were called, and the little boy said something that sounded like Albert, and the little girl said quite clearly her name was Gladys. For their surnames and addresses she would have to look on the labels.

The next minute, with Albert and Gladys, pink and damp and mother naked, tucked under each arm, she was whizzing down the back stairs and into the kitchen, which was full of smoke and a smell like a very old, unpleasant bonfire, and Miss Draper holding a handkerchief to her nose and giving feeble dabs at the stove with a poker, and the other three kids hopping and dancing and enjoying themselves at the sight of Miss Draper's expression.

"Hold—your—tongues!" shouted Maggie, and they obeyed her as if she were the sergeant-major. "Oh, mum—oh, mum—have you got the labels?"

And it took no more than a look at Miss Draper's face to tell her that the labels had gone into the stove, along with the dirty rags.

Well, Maggie is a resourceful girl,

★ Continued on page 30

## Bangs for the Bustle

THAT new idea in hair-do's you were looking for as a midwinter pickup, might very well be a bang. It's the latest complement to the bustle—or to the old-fashioned mood young things are affecting. But, lady, there's a danger ahead. Watch for these landmarks:

**Wear a Bang**—If your face is oval or aquiline in type.

**Don't Do It**—If full and round of contour (you'll get a fringe-over-the-moon effect if you do). If your neck is short. The lengthened hairline in front will shorten it still further. If your eyes are small. They need a width of forehead to give them space.

**The way to wear it** is thuswise. Long and fluffy, right across your forehead, or three quarters of the way in a

wavy swirl. The old heavy brow-curtain that mated with the severe Dutch cut is out. So is the twisted wisp of tendrils that spit-curved over your forehead. You can brush the new bang right back into your hair if you wish; either catch it in the nearest wave, fringe it across the top in a crest, or catch it in with the upsweeping roll that matches the ones at the side of your head. Or just brush it down smoothly into the top.

Your hair should be shorter in the back, or rolled bunlike for the bustle, or turned into English (or corkscrew) curls. Catch the curls with a clip or a double-faced satin ribbon not wider than an inch and a half. The length of your hair will depend on the width of your face. ★

## A word to the wives—

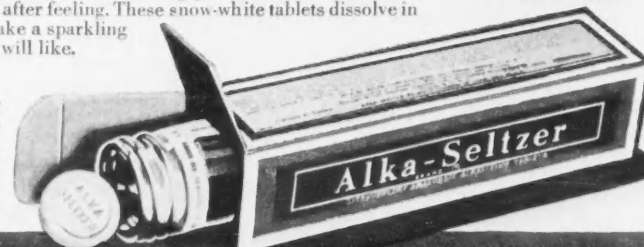


Everybody suffers these miserable ailments at one time or another. Whether it's from the strain and responsibility of entertaining, the rush of ordinary household work, staying up late or any other cause—take Alka-Seltzer. Here's what "Red" Horner, captain of the Maple Leafs, says about it:

"Alka-Seltzer is great for colds, headaches, muscular aches and pains and when your stomach's upset. I take it with me on road trips and keep a supply at home as well. It certainly has many advantages over old ways of treating these everyday complaints. You can put me down as a booster for Alka-Seltzer any day in the week."

Alka-Seltzer relieves the pain of headaches quickly. Remember also its effectiveness in combatting gas on stomach, colds and that morning after feeling. These snow-white tablets dissolve in water and make a sparkling solution you will like.

• At all drug counters 30c and 60c. Three times the quantity in the large package.



# Alka-Seltzer

EFFERVESCENT ANALGESIC ALKALIZING TABLETS

Every statement and claim made for Alka-Seltzer is backed by thorough clinical and laboratory research.



## Winter does not — cannot — will not make you safe from odor



**Odor can occur in winter with no warning trace of moisture. Protect charm every day with MUM!**

ONE TRICK that winter plays can easily spoil your charm. Cold weather may chill your cheek, but it's still hot under your arms. So don't trifle with underarm perspiration odor. Never neglect your Mum.

Odor can—and does—occur even if you see no moisture. In winter, indoor living, warmer clothing and snug fitting sleeves, often actually make this fault worse.

Why risk your charm? There's no surer way of protecting underarm freshness than to use Mum every single day. A bath removes only past perspi-

ration, but Mum prevents odor *in advance*. Thousands of women prefer Mum. Once you try it . . . you'll agree, too, that it's—

**MUM FOR SPEED!** In a brief half minute Mum guards underarm freshness all day—all evening long.

**MUM FOR SAFETY!** Mum never irritates your skin and doesn't stain or harm fabric. You can use Mum even after you're dressed.

**MUM FOR CHARM!** For lasting freshness, popular girls say "Mum"! Mum protects without stopping perspiration (so men like Mum, too)! Get Mum at your druggist's today.

### IN WINTER AS IN SUMMER POPULAR GIRLS USE MUM



**MUM**  
MADE IN CANADA

**For Sanitary Napkins**  
You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

Today's frocks and suits allow three choices of "adjustability"—the wrap-around, which takes on a new smartness with folded and tucked fashions so in vogue, the smock, and the elastic or hooked waistband that can be changed in size.

It's important to have frocks that will expand in the bodice as well as the waistline and skirt. And with boleros and jackets there's one point too often forgotten. They must be made to the most becoming length, and so as not to draw attention to the midriff. Boleros should be well above the waist, jackets well below. Hems require special attention, and will need remeasuring at intervals. It would be wise to lengthen frocks a bit.

While simplicity should be the keynote of all dressing, since anything which draws undue attention to the wearer is in bad taste, it isn't necessary to be drab. Well-lifted and fitted shoulders are very important. A lifted line throughout, particularly in the hair, gives attractive youthfulness, very pleasant with the improved complexion and brightened eyes so many women achieve at this time.

Colored belts and ornate jewellery

may be laid aside, along with over-heavy make-up and extreme hair-dos. Soft femininity should be the keynote throughout. Frocks with buttons or other trimming down the front are bad, since the eye is a slave to detail. A bit of white or lace at collars and cuffs, a simple necklace or touch of something bright, such as a flower, in the lapel, are all to the good. Attention may be drawn to lovely hands with a fine ring, a good bracelet or colored cuff trimming.

Needless to say, grooming takes on a new importance. And nine times out of ten that "sack in the middle" look comes from wearing clothes that don't really fit, or aren't properly pressed and cared for. Efforts to keep skin and hair at their best should be doubled. It's wise to watch one's coloring and skin tone carefully as they may change at this time. Care of the teeth, rest and exercises are all on the doctor's prescription. A good permanent and manicure in the last few weeks will stiffen morale and be valuable later. And of course that ready-packed bag will be incomplete without the fluffiest, softest-colored little lacy and frilly jackets that can be found to take to hospital. ☆

## Be Dramatic After Dark

Continued from page 23

musicales, concerts—are still as definitely "dress" as ever. You can decide for yourself at supper dances, cabarets, theatres. But as the winter wears on, more and more women are "dressing" for such public appearances.

There are three or four beautiful silhouettes. For younger girls, the bustle, the hourglass costume dress and the full-skirted Spanish costume are smartest. For the young matrons, there are grand dinner gown fashions—long, slim frocks, those smart long velvet and crepe skirts with exquisite lace or metal cloth blouses, and the ultra-fashionable cigarette or tree silhouette, slim and svelte, as opposed to the debutante look of the tight-waisted, full-skirted outfit.

And there's a whole new wardrobe planned for the more mature woman who is coming into the public eye once more, leaving her home to do war work in the daytime, to help with the hundred and one charity things her clubs are doing in the evening. Lace dresses with long-sleeved coats, black crepe with hip-length jackets done in the very fashionable passementerie, gold or silver braid or glittering sequins, make her an outstanding figure at any affair. White is a happy choice for all ages. Particularly for the young matron or business woman who wears it with gold embroidery, in a soft chiffon or crepe fabric.

Gloves are much longer . . . sixteen button for your formal things, and it's smartest to push them down to the elbow, wrinkled. You'll find long gloves particularly important in this "covered-up season" even if you're wearing a frock that is very décolleté. They give it a new touch. Also, if you have one of the three-quarter-sleeve-length jackets, you'll want your gloves well up to the sleeve. Those long bare white spaces of arm between glove and shoulder are outmoded today. Flowers

are very good—particularly entwined in your evening snood, if you're wearing one. You'll wear less jewellery with your formal things than with your informal ones. Your slippers should be beautifully cut and toned to your frock, to offset the good sensible walking shoes you're wearing so much in the daytime now. You can have any one of a dozen gay little capes of fur or fabric, or your evening wrap can be a long, brightly colored woollen one with a hood.

### When You Go Informally

THERE'S NO doubt about it, you'll be doing a lot of going about this winter in street-length frocks. Black with heavy gold jewellery is still one of the best outfits. Or get a garnet or deep maroon or rich blue woollen or crepe frock, made with back fullness, and wear a heavy gold necklace and a high-piled turban with it. Your gloves should be twelve button, pushed down two inches below the elbow. Wool dinner dresses, on tailored lines, will be worn a great deal to supper dances, theatres, concerts.

### About Make-Up

WITH BLACKS, reds, and all the clear colors so smart this year, wear clear red tones in your rouge and lipstick. You can get interesting cosmetics with an amethyst cast to wear with purples, pinks and blues, and creamy golden ones for the browns, wines and yellows. And it's a good thing to remember, if you go right on to a concert, or to dine or dance, from downtown, that you need a make-up that will look right under any lights. Never before has the all-day make-up, the foundation cream that lasts and lasts and lasts, been so important. That, with cream rouge and lipstick done over twice (powder over it the first time), will see you through for hours and hours. ☆

# BRAVE IN BUTTONS

Simplicity  
3275



Simplicity  
3272



Simplicity  
3281



Simplicity  
3275

There's nothing that lends zest to cold and sunless weather like a brave show of buttons . . . especially for the junior members of the household. The pre-schoolers will be enchanted with the puffy sleeves and flared skirts of No. 3272 and No. 3275. And did you ever put your angel in checks . . . or fasten a minute lace collar around her chubby throat? Try it.

The jumper frock, No. 3281, is third graders' delight. It copes with the tomboy tendency (plenty of room for action) and lessens the laundry problem. Do it in navy flannel or maroon wool with white blouses. Older sisters will love the princess frock in a gay print, or the all-important housecoat in a cozy velveteen, from the same pattern, No. 3275.

All the clear, singing colors—reds, greens, blues, yellows—are very much in vogue for this season's under-sixteen daughters. So see that you make their frocks bright in color . . . and glowing with brass buttons or smart with wooden ones, or perky with little motif fasteners, as in the dressing gown.

Pattern Descriptions on Page 30



## Tonic for a Dark Coat



Simplicity  
3280



Simplicity  
3266



Simplicity  
3269



Simplicity  
3274

Four good reasons why your dark winter coat can suddenly sing with color. Take Simplicity No. 3280 in a bright wool, a proud princess type with young-looking white collar. Let her color scheme flash under a black or brown coat. Captivating! Or next in line, the picture of graceful ease, the girl wearing No. 3266. Imagine her in the glowing beauty of a blue to match her eyes. Next is the girl who has gone into a print, No. 3269; she wears a gay one. And last but not least, No. 3274, the girl with smartly scalloped hipband. She, too, wears color, a heady singing color with tonic effect on all her other dark winter things. Slim waists, fuller graceful skirts, hug-the-throat collars for informal day things, deep V for afternoon—these make midwinter fashion news.

Pattern descriptions on page 30.

chauffeur went on the very Monday of the evacuation, and poor old Crump, who felt bitterly ashamed of the whole situation, gave up coming to the Crown and Anchor for his usual evening drink. The tradespeople got their orders by telephone, and everything—even letters and parcels—was left at the lodge. The only people, in fact, who had been inside the Hall grounds since the padlocks were put on the gates, were the search party that went out to look for Albert and Gladys; and they only got in because the police sergeant rang up Miss Hornblow and said that unless they were let in peaceably he would have to get a search warrant. Miss Hornblow said it was idiotic to think that anybody could get into the grounds without her permission, but she let the searchers in—mainly, it turned out, because she was dying to hear all about the scandal, and when she got hold of Miss Draper's name and heard she was the person responsible, her triumph knew no bounds!

Mrs. Punchard, at the post office (which is also the telephone exchange), says the line from the Hall was never free for the rest of the day. Miss Hornblow spent the whole of her time ringing up everybody she knew, and telling them that Miss Draper ought to be prosecuted for criminal negligence and all sorts of nonsense like that—which, of course, no one took any notice of, because they knew it was all part and parcel of Miss Hornblow's malevolence. Poor Miss Draper was laid up with a nervous breakdown before the end of the week, and Dr. Parker sent a nurse in.

WELL, the evacuation children all settled down presently, and we got used to seeing them about, and life got back more or less to normal—though the affair of Albert and Gladys still weighed heavily on our minds, and most of the parents got the wind up badly if Tom or Annie were half an hour late from school. The police had taken over the business of the twins, and every now and then the papers came out with something about "disclosures being expected presently," but nothing ever happened, and though one or two arrests were made, the people they concerned soon managed to clear themselves. So we could only suppose the poor little kids had come to an end somehow, and that it would remain an unsolved mystery.

Miss Draper went on having her nervous breakdown, but was presently a little better, and her nurse pushed her about the lanes in a bath chair. It was shocking to see her. Her hair must have been "tinted," because all the front part of it was now snow white, and the back was a sort of rusty brown, as we remembered it. She kind of shrank away when people looked at her; I suppose that was why the bath chair was never seen in the village.

We never saw Miss Hornblow either. She seemed to have turned into a recluse, for the one or two people who tried to call on her were informed at the gates that she was not at home, though foodstuffs and letters continued to go to the Hall, and the latter were not redirected anywhere. Apparently she was living there all alone, except for old Miss White, who, if we knew Miss Hornblow, was by this time turned into a kind of maid-of-all-work.

According to Maggie, she and Miss Draper had carried on a kind of frightened friendliness, unbeknown to Miss Hornblow.

Maggie had a funny experience, about that time. The evenings were drawing in, and it was just about dusk when she went out to fetch in some washing that was out on the line. What with the nurse and Miss Draper's being so much in bed, there was washing almost every day, and Maggie, who is a helpful girl, couldn't bear to think of the laundry bills that were running up, so she did most of it at home herself.

THE REST of this story is partly Maggie's and partly Dr. Parker's. And Mrs. Punchard says it's right about the Hall telephone line being out of order, because the new camp that had just settled outside Little Weeding had commandeered the exchange and all the private numbers were disconnected.

Maggie was just going around seeing the windows were shut before going to bed (we all turned in early because of blackout orders) when she heard a sort of thin little cry that seemed to come from the end of the garden. She listened, and it came again—thin, shrill and frightened.

She knew nurse was putting Miss Draper to bed, so, although she felt a bit scared, she picked up the torch off the kitchen dresser, unbolted the back door, and shouted, "Who's there?" And this time she heard, quite clearly, "Maggie! Maggie!" and something told her it was Miss White again.

There she was, clinging to the fence in the dark—goodness only knew how she got there.

"Maggie, Maggie! Will you go and tell Dr. Parker to come up to the Hall at once? Oh, never mind why—only tell him not to waste a minute—please!"

Maggie had her wits enough about her to push the torch into the old thing's hand, and tell her to get back as fast as she could to the Hall; while she (Maggie) went stumbling down the street to see if Dr. Parker was in.

Now, Dr. Parker's story is, that when he got to the Hall gates the chains were down, and there was a spot of light that went dodging about like a glowworm with St. Vitus' dance—and it was Miss White, with her dress wet up to her knees (the grass is very long in No Man's Land), and she wouldn't explain or tell him anything, except to keep on repeating over and over again, "You won't betray us, will you, doctor? Promise you won't betray us!"—and he thought he had another crazy patient on his hands. But he made her get into the car, and they drove up to the front door of the Hall, where Miss White crept in as though she expected to be knocked on the head in the dark, and the doctor followed her.

There was no sign of Miss Hornblow, and the place smelt all musty and was covered with dust; evidently the ladies hadn't made much of a success of housekeeping all by themselves.

They went upstairs, and Miss White stood still, with her hand on the handle of a door, and said for the last time, "Doctor, you won't betray us?"

Then she opened the door, and—you've guessed it, of course—there were Albert and Gladys, lying in bed



## To keep them fit and hardy

... many mothers give their children cod liver oil regularly *throughout the winter!* For many doctors say cod liver oil is unrivalled as a source of Vitamin A, so helpful in building resistance to common colds. And now **THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT'S EMULSION!**

**1—Scott's Emulsion** has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

**2—Easily digested**—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil

passes into the intestines.

**3—Easy to take**—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

**4—Economical**—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

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AS A FLOWER

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A LOVELY SKIN

Bulletin No. 18 — 10 cents

DRESSING YOUR FACE

Bulletin No. 17 — 10 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR  
YOUR HAIR

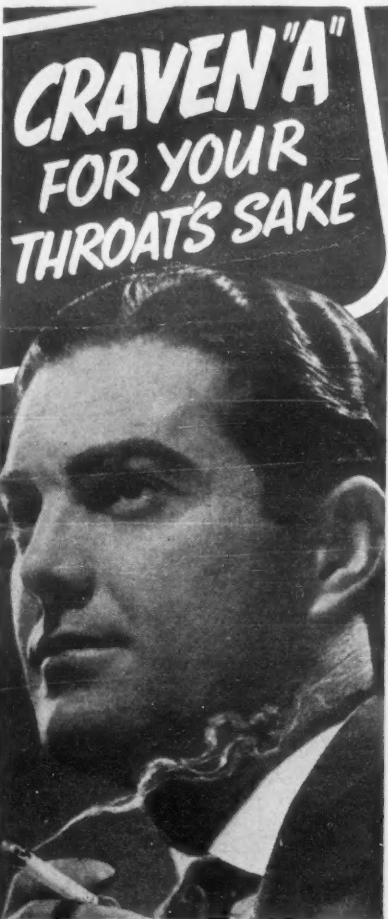
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WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT

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Ideal for pocket or handbag

**CRAVEN PLAIN**  
without cork-tip—same fine quality as CRAVEN 'A'

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150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

## EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES CLEARED UP

Miss Anita Mader, Upper Branch, N. S., writes: "My face was full of nasty red pimples from some external irritation. I was bothered for months until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura brought quick, surprising relief."

Miss Rita Blanchard, East Bathurst, N. B., writes: "I had so many externally caused blackheads and pimples I was ashamed to go out. I suffered with these for a year—but after using Cuticura Soap and Ointment regularly, my complexion now is clear-looking."

These are but two of thousands of instances where Cuticura has aided in relieving and healing ugly, externally caused facial blemishes. Help make your complexion dreams come true. Buy at your druggist's—Cuticura Soap and Ointment, 25¢ each.

## Miss Draper Serves Her Country

Continued from page 27

and she felt pretty sure that somebody would have paper records of every child that had come with the evacuation party, so she wasn't too upset about that. But she wondered how they were ever going to get through it. Miss Draper went on being as flitter-headed as she had shown herself up to the present. Meanwhile, something had to be found to cover Albert and Gladys until clothes were bought for them, so, as the post office is just across the way, she ran over with the two infants, just as they were, and brought them back five minutes later in a couple of little old shrunken bathing suits that had belonged to some of her sisters and brothers. Then she chased the other three out of the little back garden, where they had started to stuff themselves with gooseberries, gave them their gas masks and told them to go out for a walk, and, giving Albert and Gladys their buns, sat them down on the patch of grass just outside the kitchen window where she could keep an eye on them.

"I'll go along and see about the labels after I've washed up," she told Miss Draper, who had gone all to pieces again, and was about as much trouble as half a dozen evacuees by herself. So Maggie made her another cup of tea, comforted her a bit—she was really ashamed of herself over that label business—gave Gladys and Albert a couple of wooden spoons and a dish mop to play with, and, presently, ran upstairs to scour the bath.

It took a good long time, Maggie being particular, but she didn't worry, knowing Miss Draper was downstairs to keep an eye on the children. She took one look out of the window and there they were, as pretty a sight as could be imagined; Gladys hitting her brother over the head with the spoon, and Albert trying to force the dish mop down his sister's throat—but no ill feeling on either side, and a lot of chuckling and rolling over and crawling around among the daisies.

So Maggie finished the bath, then tidied herself up and took off her apron, thinking there would be time to run along to the committee room and report the accident to the labels and get back to start washing the greens for lunch. Miss Draper seemed quite content to be left in charge of the babies, though she did say nervously, "You will be back, won't you, Maggie, before the other children come in?" Maggie promised and ran off down the street.

There was a lot of fuss about the labels having been burned, and nobody seemed able to find the list, but after waiting about twenty minutes, Maggie said she'd have to be off, and would call in later for Albert's and Gladys' identification papers.

EVERYTHING seemed quiet and peaceful when she came in through the front gate, and through the open drawing-room window she could see Miss Draper dusting her cabinets, which she always did herself. She went round the back of the house, and the spoons and mop were lying on the grass, so evidently Miss Draper had taken the two children with her.

Maggie put the lettuce in water, shelled the peas, peeled the potatoes and set the roast in the oven. Then she took the tablecloth and plate-basket and went to lay the table for Miss Draper's lunch, it having been settled that the children were to eat in the kitchen with Maggie until she'd seen what their manners were like. As she went through the hall, Miss Draper called to her from the drawing-room, and she popped her head in to see what was wanted.

Miss Draper was sitting at her little desk in the corner, and seemed to be writing letters, which Maggie thought spoke well for the twins, who weren't in sight at the moment.

"Did you manage to get the new labels, Maggie?"

"I've got to go back later, mum. I expect it'll be all right. And if the babies are bothering you, I can take them along with me while I lay the table."

"Bothering me?" Miss Draper turned round, looking surprised and a little guilty. "Why, they're in the garden, aren't they?"

Maggie drew a deep breath, then rushed out through the back door. There were the spoons and the mop, but not a sign of Albert and Gladys. And though the three elder children soon came back, and they and Maggie and Miss Draper searched high and low, from the herbaceous border that ran round the house itself, down to the "Magainot line" and the green fence that formed the Draper boundary of No Man's Land, the twins were nowhere to be found.

IT'S NO use trying to describe the sensation that the disappearance of Albert and Gladys made in the village. Search parties were organized, and every bit of wooded land or scrub was combed and re-combed. The village duckpond was dragged from end to end, and all the private gardens were searched inch by inch—for Albert and Gladys were quite small enough to vanish under a good-sized broad bean plant or a patch of rhubarb. Not the least part of the trouble was that nobody seemed to know whose children were lost—Albert and Gladys having apparently wandered into the evacuation party by accident (probably having been intended for another lot), and there being no record of them what-

ever. The children were paraded, the roll called and every child answered pat to its name; so far as the lists were concerned, Albert and Gladys had never existed, and but for the testimony of Miss Draper, Maggie Punchard and the three children at *Roselauns* (as Miss Draper's house was called), the twins might have been dismissed as a hallucination. The young woman who brought them to the door had gone back to London in the bus and could not be called upon to add her evidence.

As for Miss Draper, everyone said she was an old fool, and that Maggie was not to be blamed; but the poor old thing was so distressed—Maggie says she was half crazy, as time went on and there was not a sign of the missing twins—that no one had the heart to be unpleasant to her. She collapsed outright when the police called on her to ask for particulars, and Maggie had to run for Dr. Parker, who said that she must be put to bed, and that other accommodation would have to be found for the two little girls and the boy. But for once Miss Draper would not obey Dr. Parker. She was out and about, trailing the lanes, calling "Albert" and "Gladys" in her weak, trembling voice, until no one could help having pity for her. We all knew that, at this rate, she'd end by having to be locked up.

And then strangers started to appear in the village, asking questions and poking their noses into this and that, and the next thing was it all got into the papers: "Disappearance of Evacuee Twins." And somebody got up in Parliament and asked a question about it.

Well, we all felt sore about it. The disappearance of Albert and Gladys had got the place a bad name, and though the fault was primarily Miss Draper's, everybody in the village shared the disgrace. It seemed incredible that two children of that age could get up and toddle off into the blue without anyone knowing anything about it, and as time went on the opinion grew that they had been kidnapped. The odd part was that no one turned up—even after the papers had given us away—to claim parentage of the lost twins. That made us certain that the poor little things had been "unwanted," and that somebody had taken advantage of the evacuation scheme to push off the responsibility of their upkeep on strangers.

WHILE ALL this was going on, it need hardly be said that the Hornblow-Draper feud, and the state of affairs at the Hall, had been quite forgotten. There was nobody, either, to bring news to the village, as all the servants had left in a body. Young Twigg, the undergardener, had joined up; the

## Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns on pages 28 and 29

No. 3280—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 4¼ yards 39-inch; 3¼ yards 54-inch fabric, ¼ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3266—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 3½ yards 39-inch, 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3269—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 3½ yards 39-inch; 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3274—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 3½ yards 39-inch; 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3281—6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires, Guimpe with Short Sleeves: 1½ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch fabric. Jumper: 2½ yards 35-inch; 2½ yards 39-inch; 2 yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3272—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, Dress: 2 yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch

fabric. Trimming: 3½ yards rickrack braid. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3275—Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. Size 8 requires, Dress with rickrack trim: 2½ yards 35-inch fabric, ¼ yard 35-inch or 39-inch fabric for collar; 3½ yards rickrack braid. Dress without rickrack trim: 2½ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch fabric. Housecoat: 3½ yards 35-inch; 2 yards 54-inch fabric, 1¼ yards ½-inch-width bias fold tape. Price, 15 cents.

# YOUR HOME

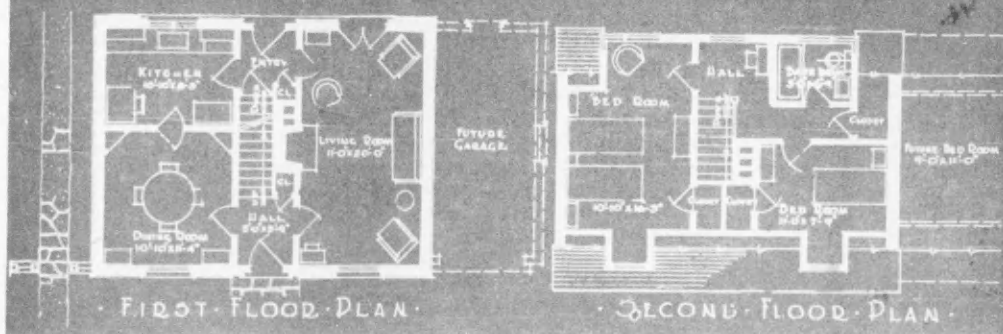
Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE  
PLANNING, DECORATING  
AND FURNISHING



By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



## HOME-BUILDING DETAILS

*How much do you need to carry such a home as this? What are the detailed costs? How can you select the most satisfactory materials?*

THE HOUSE shown on this page was built in the Toronto area at a cost of \$5,413 exclusive of the fifty-foot lot. The garage and bedroom over would cost \$1,000 extra.

Before going into details as to accommodation, detailed costs and materials, there are two or three important factors I wish to call attention, to especially in the case of those intending to build a new home.

Those readers living in apartments, who pay a monthly rent of \$60, would find the building and maintenance of such a house as this quite within their means, in addition to enjoying the freedom of a house and garden.

Never forget, the value of your property rises or falls with the neighborhood. In choosing the neighborhood, you are making your future environment and that of your children. Right or wrong neighbors enter into the picture, also suitable schools for your children.

If the site that you have in mind is in an urban district, the land should be worth about twenty to twenty-five per cent of the total value of the house. If the community has high social standards which might improve your social standing, and that of your children, it is quite in order to let the cost of the lot run up to thirty per cent or even higher. Never lose

sight of the fact that the value of the land generally determines the value of the whole investment and, in consequence, is better for resale.

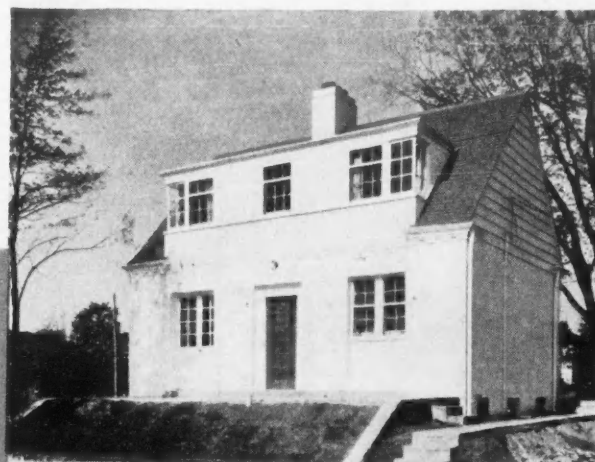
After all, home buying is an investment and not in the same category as buying stocks or insurance. The cost of a home, like an automobile, is amortized by living in it, or, in the case of the car, by being driven. Nevertheless, when your mortgage is paid, you still have the bulk of your investment and your house, which has cost a relatively small amount during that period.

WHEN preparing the costs for your future house, investigate the different materials which can be used for facing exterior walls. A common brick painted is often just as acceptable as a more expensive brick.

Finish the plaster walls with an inexpensive tint, leaving the paint or paper decoration for a later date.

Omit unnecessary external ornamentation on the house. Good lines and balanced proportion will make the design, and do not cost any more (perhaps less) than sloppy, meaningless embellishment.

The recreation room in the basement can be finished ☆ Continued on next page



These three photographs show the garden front of the house, and of the dining room and the fireplace in the living room. Green-sides and Langley, Toronto, were architects.



## MILLIONS GET OLD YEARS TOO SOON

Rank carelessness the cause

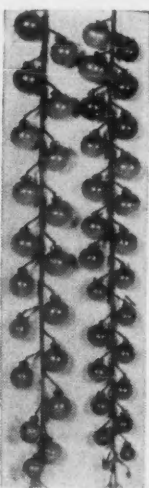
Among your friends there are some of middle age who appear to have retained the exuberance and vitality of youth; while others accept premature ageing as the lot they must bear. Do you want to feel younger, eager to tackle any kind of work or play. Thousands of people just don't bother to do anything about constipation. They even refuse to believe they are constipated. They think that if a person is regular, that is all that matters. Occasionally they take "a good dose of something" when the need is evident. That is definitely not the way. The way to keep feeling fit, to prolong the years of youthful exuberance, and well-being, is to keep the entire system free as possible from impurities and poisons. That means the blood, the kidneys, the intestines and the bowels. To do that your body must get certain minerals in some way.



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in a room full of firelight, and—this part you'd never have guessed—there was Miss Hornblow, bending over Albert and holding his little curly head in the crook of her arm, while she tried to make him drink from a cup of milk. Albert was breathing noisily, his face the color of a peony, and as Miss Hornblow steadied him—as tenderly, mind you, as though she'd been his mother—he drew in a long whistling breath and let out a crow that even the most ignorant person could hardly have taken for anything but croup.

WELL, IT takes a lot to upset Dr. Parker, but he admits he was struck speechless for the best part of a minute; and while he stood there, wondering if he had dreamed it, Miss Hornblow looked up at him, savage as a tiger, and snarled across Albert's head, "I suppose you think you've caught me red-handed. But if you give me away, you'll regret it. I swear I'll ruin you, if it costs me the last penny I possess."

Now, obviously, this was just hare-brained talk, and Dr. Parker took no notice of it, until he had examined Albert, and given instructions as to how croup had to be treated. Gladys was sitting up, very interested, and you could see she wanted to have croup as well, not feeling it was fair Albert should get all the attention; and presently the two of them settled down, and leaving Miss White in charge, the doctor took Miss Hornblow into the next room.

You wouldn't say there was any weakness in a woman like Miss Hornblow, would you? We only had the doctor's word for it that she broke down and sobbed fit to break her heart,

while she begged him not to have Albert and Gladys taken away from her. And after he had explained that she had put herself in a very awkward position, and that the police would have to be told about it, she told him the whole story.

It seems that the very night after the searchers had scoured the grounds of the Hall, Miss Hornblow was strolling down the plantation ("the Siegfried line") just about sunset time, when she heard a kind of whimpering noise. The spaniel she had with her got very excited in the long grass just down by the fence; and there were the two nippers, in Maggie Punchard's brothers' bathing suits, evidently just waking up from a nap. They must have crawled through Miss Draper's fence, and, after toddling across No Man's Land, found a weak spot in the Hornblow fence and wriggled through into the Hall grounds.

She guessed at a glance who they were, of course, and meant at first to ring up the village and let us know the children were found. Then—trust an old maid's malevolence—she remembered Miss Draper, and thought what a hole she'd be in if the twins had vanished. And she made up her mind, there and then, to keep them hidden at the Hall, until—well, apparently her mind had not worked as far forward as the "until," she only thought that she was scoring over "that old fool at Rose-launs." She bullied and scared Miss White into aiding and abetting her, and she never took into account the possibility of getting so fond of Albert and Gladys that the very idea of having to part with them twisted her heart strings, as the saying goes.

It was news to Dr. Parker—as it

would have been to most of the people in Little Weeding—that Miss Hornblow had a heart; but when he saw her face all blubbered and red with crying, and listened to her pitiful entreaties not to be deprived of the twins, he found it impossible to be too hard on her. All the same, he took the opportunity to rub it well in about the dreadful effects her action had had on Miss Draper, and what with one thing and another, he worked on her feelings to such an extent that he left her thoroughly ashamed of herself, and promising to go and beg Miss Draper's pardon in the morning.

And that, actually, was the end of the Hornblow-Draper feud. Dr. Parker took a few of us into his confidence, and thanks to Miss Hornblow's money and influence—not to mention the fact that Albert and Gladys were (apart from Albert's croup, a thing that can happen to any child) obviously flourishing as a result of their sojourn at the Hall—the whole thing was hushed up. And—here's the funny part—when the Government commandeered the Hall a few weeks later, as a military hospital, Miss Draper, who was so relieved there was no malice left in her, offered Miss Hornblow the hospitality of her own roof while she made her arrangements to transfer her belongings elsewhere.

Albert and Gladys? Oh, yes; they're still trying to find out who their parents are, and if this point remains wrapped in mystery, Miss Hornblow intends to adopt them. Miss Draper (who has had her hair retinted, and now looks little the worse for her experience) is quite satisfied to admire them from afar, and to admit that she has no gift for the care of children. ★

## A New Market for Canadian Handicrafts

Continued from page 16

would require their own selling organization, probably in Montreal. Toronto is best placed to serve the central states, Winnipeg the mid-West, and Vancouver the Pacific Coast territories. Geographical and climatic conditions have an important bearing on the distribution problem. We cannot expect to sell the same blankets to Savannah, Ga., as we sell to Boston, Mass.

Collections and payments would be more easily and efficiently handled through district branches than by a single organization attempting to cover the whole Dominion. Canadian banks, insurance companies, department and chain stores have proved that conclusively in the past.

Any considerable sale of our handicrafts products in the United States will require a widespread and intelli-

gently directed advertising campaign, and the cost of such a campaign must be taken into consideration in any plan designed to expand our industries with an eye to the American market. Here it would seem we can depend to some extent upon the assistance and cooperation of the leading United States department stores in all the principal cities. Their interest is linked with ours up to a certain point. Canada Shops in the big stores of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and all the way west, selling only specialized Canadian products, are considered a certain development, once our home industries are geared to the necessary standard of production; and that is only a beginning. It might be possible to put over a Canadian style season, especially in connection with

newly suggested winter sports wear.

The presence of the opportunity is certain. One sees here the beginnings of a plan to use that opportunity to advantage. To date we have no more than the outline, but many men and women on both sides of the line are working earnestly and intelligently to complete the design, to set up the machinery and put it in motion. It will take time and money and effort—but if the machinery functions efficiently it will pay big dividends.

Pictured in the illustrations on pages 14 and 15 are these Canadian handicraft workers: Jewellery, Miss Nancy Meek. Pottery, Miss Nunzia D'Angelo. Pewter, Mr. Harold Stacey. Spinning and vegetable dyeing, Mrs. M. Macpherson. Weaving, Miss Nadine Angstrom and a weaver shown through the courtesy of The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, Montreal.

## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 10

"He might too—for her sake. You might give it to them for a wedding present."

"And what do you suppose he'd do with it? Longspere needs money."

"But he could earn it."

"How?"

"Sam, darling, you know how people earn money."

"If you think I'm going to give that

He took her by the arms and shook her gently.

"What are you up to?" he asked.

"Buy Longspere," she said, "and give it back to him. I know a marvelous estate agent—"

"You young lunatic. He wouldn't take it from me."

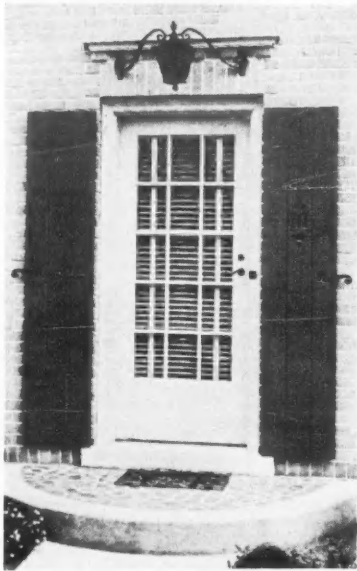
"He might—for David's sake."

"David wouldn't."

young man a job that will keep Longspere in the style to which it is accustomed, you're nuts." He thrust his hands into his pockets, glaring at her. "I don't profess to know what happened up there in that Chinese joss house of yours," he said, "you've never told me. But it looks as though you had a rotten conscience."

Continued on page 45

# Pointers for the Home



Wrought iron lamp and shutters make this a distinctive entrance doorway.

TO GIVE a shelf a hard polished finish and protect it from water, use two coats of a quick-drying varnish, the kind made of synthetic resin, which will give a durable water-resistant finish. When the first coat is hard and dry, dull the gloss by rubbing lightly with a very fine sandpaper, wipe the surface with a cloth dampened in turpentine, then apply the second coat.

If you wish to paint the rough plaster surface in any room of your home, use a spray, as this does a better job than a brush. It is necessary to wear a face mask since the spraying fills the air with a mist that should not be breathed.

For cleaning parchment or real velum lampshades, use mineral oil.

Few women look their best near a green lampshade.

The latest note for economy in dining-room furniture is to use loose chair covers of green, yellow and white striped awning canvas.

Fibre glass is now being used for insulation, air conditioning, bedspreads, curtains, drapes, lamp shades, shower curtains, table cloths, tapestries and wall coverings.

A good first-aid kit to keep handy for acid, lemon juice, vinegar or tomato stains on enamelled surfaces, is a soft, damp cloth and quick action in wiping off the spots.

To prevent doors in your home rattling, fasten a strip of sponge rubber with rubber cement. Clean the surface of doors before applying the cement.

When patching plaster cracks, moisten the plaster and laths surrounding the cracks with water sprayed on by an insecticide spray gun. The same as you use in the garden or for moth control.

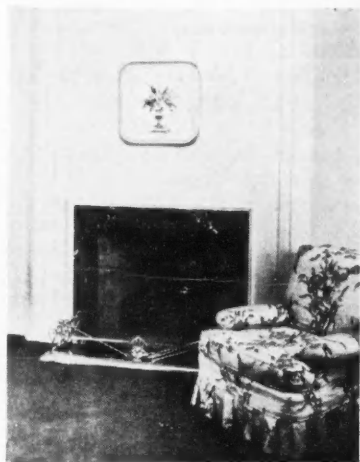
To obtain a wax finish of velvety lustre on woodwork, paint it with hot

beeswax, after which wipe or scrape off surplus.

Possibly, you have wondered why the porch floor, which you have already painted several times, is still scaling. There is only one way to correct this, remove the paint down to the bare wood. Fill all cracks between the floor boards with white lead, and use a good quality of floor enamel. Apply three thin coats, brush each coat well and allow plenty of time for drying between each coat. The surface must be thoroughly dry before painting and between each coat.

You may at some time or another have used water-mixed paint or calcimine on the wall and now are wondering if you can paint over it. No, you cannot paint over old water paint or calcimine. It must be removed entirely before painting. Sometimes one finds that the water paint or calcimine has flaked off the wall. This may be caused by dampness getting to the plaster. Therefore, if such a condition does obtain, it should be corrected before applying new paint.

Floor coverings for halls, either of broadloom or linoleum, are now patterned with forked lightning. The most successful color combination is white on blue.



A simple fireplace, with black and white marble facings, surrounded with small wood moulding.

Does your oak staircase and woodwork surrounding it look dilapidated? If so, first clean the surface by wiping with thick soapsuds of a mild soap. See that it is mild. Wipe off the soap with a cloth dampened in clear water; then wipe dry. A coat of varnish will brighten and renew the finish, but before applying varnish, dull the gloss of the old varnish by light sandpapering, or by wiping with turpentine.

Do you want to refinish a fibre rug? Any good house paint thinned down with turpentine would be satisfactory. Also, excellent results can be obtained by using linseed oil, tinted with color ground in oil, with japan drier added, say one-half pint to the quart of oil. Be careful to lay the rug on several thicknesses of paper so that the color will not go through to the floor.

14  
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later when your budget will permit.

A rectangular plan of house costs less to build than one of irregular shape—every unnecessary corner costs money.

You may start off with the idea that two bathrooms, fully equipped, are absolutely necessary. When reviewing costs, you may be willing to finish one bathroom complete with fixtures and only rough the other one in, with necessary services ready to be hooked up with the fixtures when finances permit.

Mill work today is far more acceptable in design than was the case in the past and, by using a good stock line, your house will not suffer and a saving can be effected.

There is no reason to go "haywire" in the selection of hardware and lighting fixtures. These can be of simple design and still be fine.

If the money you intend putting into the house might be needed in case of emergency, if you are banking on getting the same value as you put in it when selling, if you are speculating on a rise in land values, and if you are not reasonably assured that you will be able to pay a certain amount over a period of years, then think twice before you take the jump.

ALTHOUGH the design of this house is influenced by tradition, it is built for the new manner of living—modest living, comfortable living, easy living—and is an excellent example of a well-planned, well-built house of moderate cost. Why? Look at the plan. There is an air of spaciousness. The living room is twenty feet long; the dining room, an economical, almost square room, with direct entry from kitchen. The rear entrance is convenient to the kitchen and the stairs leading to basement, which is a distinct advantage and labor saver. Note the clothes closet in the entry, in which outer garments and other paraphernalia used in the garden or by the children, can be kept.

Upstairs there are two bedrooms, and a bathroom, which is conveniently placed, and provision is made for a future bedroom over the garage.

The exterior is a logical and unpretentious but charming expression of the plan. Subtle refinement is shown in the treatment of the windows: the narrow trim, and the dentilled roof cornice, which is reduced to the minimum, sufficient to provide for a gutter. Such minute attention to detail is

essential to best results in a house of this character.

The roof is made most interesting by the use of thick butt shingles of cedar. Note the horizontal lines produced through their use. Much of the dignity of the design below the roof is dependent on the finishing materials. The gable ends are finished in wide white pine siding, and the walls are of grey stock brick, painted white. The doorway is classic in its simplicity.

The cubical content of the house as built is that of 16,800 cubic feet, and the garage and bedroom consist of 3,590 cubic feet.

The outside walls are of grey stock brick, as already mentioned, nine inches thick, with furring strips, lath and plaster. The foundation walls are of concrete blocks, twelve inches thick, and the basement floor, concrete four inches thick. Foundation walls and floor are waterproofed.

The house has been insulated with mineral wool throughout. The woodwork inside the house is of white pine, painted, and the interior doors are of the slab type. Linoleum has been used for the floors of kitchen and bathroom and tiles for dado in the bathroom. The stair hall is also covered with linoleum. The hot-air heating system is for coal fuel and designed for air conditioning. All water service piping is of copper.

MANY READERS ask from time to time for detailed costs of houses which appear in *Chatelaine*, so I think it well to give you such costs for the house now under review. They are as follows: Masonry and foundation, \$1,078. Carpentry, including windows, doors stairs and roofing, \$1,871. Insulation, using mineral wool, \$70. Sheet metal work, \$65. Lathing and plastering, \$522. Electrical work, including wiring, \$125. Hot-air heating, \$406. Plumbing, including all fixtures, \$532. Painting and glazing, \$334. Hardware, \$192. Linoleum and tile floors, \$218. All of which makes a total of \$5,413.

Some of you may not know that there is only ten per cent difference in cost between the jerry-built substandard house and the modest but acceptable, and fifteen per cent difference between the one with high-class materials and workmanship. This one is an example of the modest but acceptable type of construction.

These costs are authoritative and were furnished by W. C. McLaughlin, Toronto, the contractor who built the house. ☆

## ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HANDICRAFT WORK?

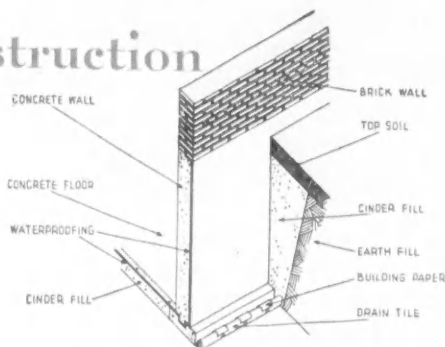
Would you like to have a part in the development for Canadian handicrafts as outlined in the article on page 14. What type of handicrafts interest you most? What would you like to learn should the opportunity be offered in your community?

☆

Address your letters to  
THE HANDICRAFT EDITOR, CHATELAINE  
481 University Ave., Toronto

## Sound Construction

Faulty foundations and masonry can cause a home-owner many a headache. Evan Parry points out here the pitfalls to avoid.



The correct method of waterproofing and draining foundations.

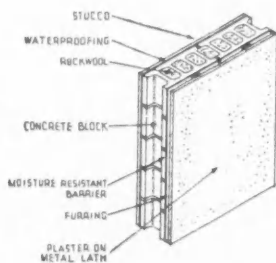
THIS IS the first of a series showing how to avoid monetary losses experienced through bad house construction. Factual information based upon sound, practical and modern technique will be the keynote of the series.

We shall begin with foundations and masonry. Faulty foundations and masonry are the cause of some of the major troubles which develop after you occupy the house.

In good construction, exterior walls are built upon continuous concrete or masonry wall foundations. If steel is used for beams, it is essential that the piers for their support should have solid concrete or masonry foundation. The footings of exterior walls require to be of sufficient area to assure uniform distribution of the load which may be placed upon them. If this is not done, cracks in walls, broken arches over door and window openings, and floors out of level, develop.

Basement floors of concrete should be made to resist moisture and drain correctly with proper slope to the outlet trap. All walls below grade must be waterproofed.

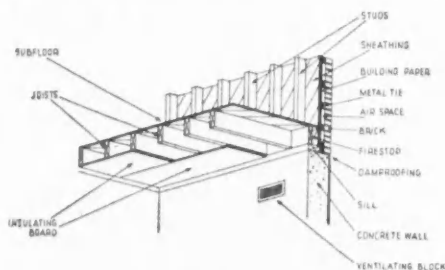
on the concrete or masonry foundation, not left suspended in the air. The bricks ought to be thoroughly bedded in mortar with full joints, not a "lick and a spit" on the front of the brick.



This is the best way to apply stucco on a tile wall.

Window and door openings in masonry walls—stone, solid brick, concrete blocks or tile—should have steel lintels to support the wall over or concrete lintels reinforced with steel rods.

Wood sills of wood frame walls, also those used in conjunction with brick,



An example of good floor construction over an unexcavated portion of a house. Note the diagonal sheathing and also the most effective method of damp-proofing the wall.

If your lot is on a hillside or sloping ground, a weeping tile drain should be installed at level of bottom of foundation to carry the moisture away from the house.

Where it is not intended to excavate for a basement over the whole area of the house, it is necessary to insert ventilators in the foundation walls of that portion unexcavated, and the floor over should be insulated and damp-proofed.

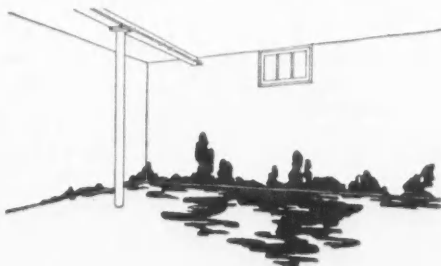
### Exterior Walls

BRICK VENEER on wood framing should be built so that the bricks rest

stucco or stone, should be firmly bolted to the foundation walls and bedded in cement mortar. Wood framing should be dry and true to shape, and wood frame studs in one length from sill to roof—not cut at floor height. Where clapboards are used for wood frame walls, they should be well seasoned and free from knots, and the wood sheathing laid diagonally; if in plywood, horizontally.

Half an inch space should be left between sheathing and brick veneer and the sheathing covered with waterproof building paper. (Insulation will be dealt with later.) Bricks should

Here's proof that skimping on your construction costs is false economy—ugly patches on walls and floor, caused by damp.



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# Make Your House a Home

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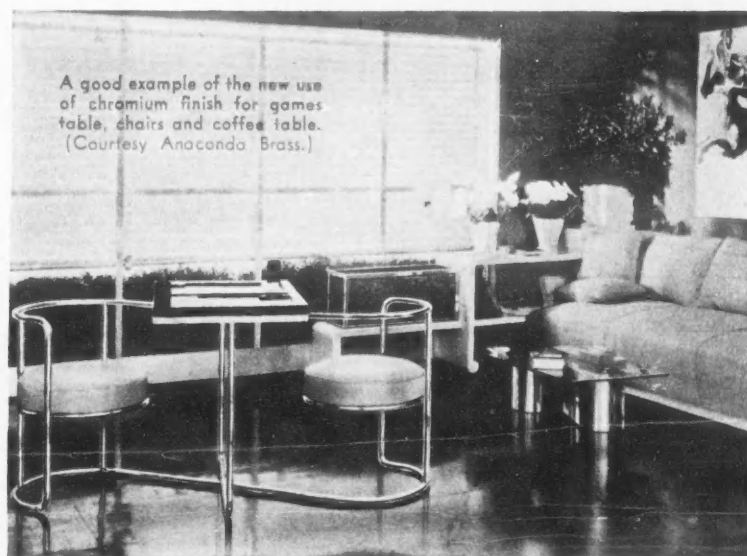
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## THE HOUSE CLINIC

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

*Question—We wish to redecorate our living room and make over the kitchen and bathroom, doing away with the dining room. Our dining room furniture is birch and walnut, and I should like to have this done over in a light color, if possible. If I cannot have it lightened, could I use it as it is and a few pieces of bleached mahogany in the same room? Should Venetian blinds be the same color all over the house? What would be a cheap but durable material to do over lower part of walls in bathroom?*

*Answer—Preserve the pieces as they are, and place the mahogany in living room end. Such a combination would look well, especially if you slip-cover the chesterfield set in bright colors to blend with other colors in the room. It is not necessary to have all the Venetian blinds the same color. Preferably, the color should be governed by the orientation and the color of the drapes and coverings to chairs and beds. A good material for covering the lower part of walls in the bathroom is asbestos wainscoting, flexboard or plain linoleum.*

*Question—My living room is 11 feet 6 inches by 17 feet and has two windows on each side, seven feet apart. The room has a door at each end. The side walls, matched with V-jointed boarding and varnished, are six feet four inches high, sloped into the ceiling. My linoleum is a very flowery pattern and I plan to enamel this linoleum and buy a chesterfield suite and drapes. What color would you suggest for the linoleum and chesterfield? Should the drapes be floor length or not, and what type of material should I get? I find it difficult to decide on a color scheme that will offset the low dark walls and smallish windows.*

*Answer—I would not advise enameling the linoleum in living room. Replace it with an all-over, one-color linoleum, preferably light rose or swallow's egg blue. The chesterfield should be covered with chintz or*

*printed linen of mauve, cream, pink and orange colors, and chairs covered with repp, using one of the colors in the chesterfield cover. The drapes should be floor length and of same material as the chesterfield cover.*

☆☆

*Question—Our house is an old one, and halfway up the front stairs it becomes cold. Will you tell me what causes this and how it can be overcome, as it makes the upstairs hard to heat?*

*Answer—Without further information as to the heating system and construction of your house, the condition you describe indicates that the roof is not insulated. Consequently, there is a constant battle between the two temperatures. Insulate above the top-floor ceiling and any portion of the roof in the upstairs rooms and over staircase.*

☆☆

*Question—I am remodelling our living room and want to move the fireplace to the centre of the side of the room, as I think it would be more balanced. Will you kindly advise what size of fireplace would be best, also if bookshelves could be built at each side? Also, if windows—and what size would be best at each side of fireplace. This is a large room with an arch in other to make it like two rooms, but I wish to take the arch out.*

*Answer—In the brochure I have sent you covering "Modern Fireplaces with Construction Details," you will find that you can calculate the width of fireplace which would be suitable for your room. I would have two windows, one on either side of the fireplace, each four feet wide, consisting of two sashes. If these windows were built above the bookcases, which should be not more than two feet six inches high, I am sure the effect would be very pleasing. Paint the bookcases in the same color as the other woodwork of the room. ☆*

# HOUSEKEEPING



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME  
MANAGEMENT-Conducted  
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

## KNITTING PARTY

Parties are purposeful these days as fingers fly and needles click to prevent cold feet in the Army. All over the country "the girls" get together in this good cause, purling and plaining to give shapely form to socks, wrist bands, scarves and sweaters.

Knitting and conversation go well together and a bite to eat later rounds out the evening pleasantly. Don't go in for either a feast or a famine, but strike the happy medium between them. Pot-luck "eats" suit the impromptu party when you invite a few friends to "come on over," but if the occasion calls for a little more formality try this on your guests.

### Chilled Apple Juice

(as a refresher —after turning the heel)

Toasted Rolls with Cream Cheese and Relishes

or with Cream Cheese and Marmalade Topping

Cranberry Tartlets (with or without whipped cream)

Peanut Butter Cookies

Coffee

Recipe for Peanut Butter Cookies on page 41



## BRIDGE PARTY

When the bridge club meets these days the play is as keen as ever, but a high score is its own reward. Many fans who meet to try their luck and match their wits still follow the custom of contributing so much to the pot. But instead of winners take all, the money goes for patriotic purposes. Some clubs use it to buy wool, others to swell the Red Cross fund, to send boxes to the boys, or to lend support to other worthy war efforts.

Refreshments may be governed by your own rules, but even if a hostess has no limitations in this regard, a fairly simple party is generally in order. Here's a menu with a savory beginning, climaxed with coffee ice cream and chocolate sauce, which produces that popular mocha flavor. Any foursome, or any number of them, will think it sufficient prize for good play or consolation for poor hands.

Flaked Lobster and Minced Celery Sandwiches

Toasted Cheese Fingers

Olives

Gherkins

Pickled Onions

Coffee Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce

Sponge or Angel Cake

Coffee

### Coffee Ice Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of milk

2 Tablespoonfuls of  
ground coffee

1/3 Cupful of sugar

1/4 Teaspoonful of salt

1 Egg white

1 Cupful of whipping  
cream

1 Teaspoonful of plain,  
unflavored gelatine

1 Egg yolk

3 Tablespoonfuls of corn

syrup

1 to 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of  
pure vanilla

Scald the milk with the gelatine and coffee and strain through a cloth. Beat the egg yolk and combine thoroughly with the sugar, corn syrup and salt. Gradually add the strained milk and cook the mixture over hot water, stirring until it is thick enough to coat a spoon. Strain, cool and fold in the egg white, beaten until stiff. Chill, beat vigorously until light, add the vanilla and fold in the cream which has been whipped until it will hold its shape. Turn into the tray of the refrigerator and freeze until firm. Serve with chocolate sauce.

## BENEFIT TEA

If your club, your church society, lodge or group of friends want to raise a bit of money, they'll probably give a tea to accomplish the purpose. The setting for the party may be a hall, the club rooms or a member's living room. And admission may be by cash, if a good round sum is your objective. Or your contribution may take the form of socks for soldiers, garments for evacuees, or necessary supplies for welfare work at home.



Refreshments follow the style of a reception, starting with savories and ending on a sweeter note. Finger foods are the best bet with nothing drippy to ruin smart frocks and no sticky icings to get all over your fingers. With these precautions in mind, you can be as simple as you like or as elaborate as funds will allow.

Toasted Mushroom Sandwiches

Cress Rolls

Honey and Almond Sandwiches

Date Bread

Cocoanut Macaroons

Apple Sandwich Cookies

Salted Nuts

Tea

Coffee

### Apple Sandwich Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of shortening

2 Eggs

2 Teaspoonfuls of  
baking powder

1 Cupful of brown sugar

3 Cupfuls of flour

1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

3 Tablespoonfuls of milk

Cream the shortening thoroughly, add the brown sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the beaten eggs and mix well. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Roll out on a lightly floured board until quite thin, cut with a cookie cutter and bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned. While still warm put together in pairs with the following filling:

3 Medium apples,

peeled and grated

1 Cupful of white sugar

Grated rind and juice

of one lemon

Combine the above ingredients, boil gently for ten minutes and cool.

## SEWING BEE

The old-fashioned sewing bee is back, for even in this new kind of war the needle is an effective weapon. Women wield it for pyjamas, bandages and other hospital supplies, thereby turning their talents to good account and doing their bit of patriotic service.

An army marches on its stomach, they say, and this band of willing workers need good food to fortify themselves for the serious business in hand. So invite your friends to lunch on something simple before a busy afternoon snipping and stitching. Here's a three-course lunch, with a chilly appetizer, a hot main dish and a dessert as light as sea foam to top it off. This handsome whip is easily made by dissolving a package of lime jelly powder with eighteen marshmallows in hot water. Then when partially set, beating it and adding a cupful of finely diced apples, sprinkled with lemon juice. Serve it unmolded with blanched almonds and creamy sauce.

☆ Continued on page 41





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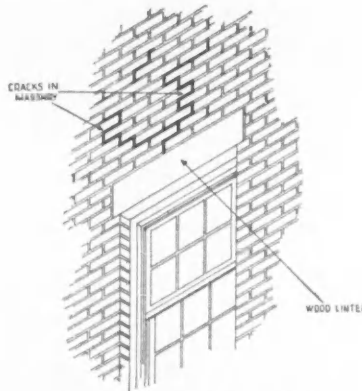
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have frequent noncorrosive metal ties, built in and attached to the diagonal sheathing or plywood.

Stucco is dependent upon the rigidity of the base upon which it is applied. Rigid board sheathing, if used, should have a waterproof building paper affixed on the outside of the sheathing, in addition to which galvanized metal lathing should be fixed to the sheathing for bonding the stucco.

Tile and concrete blocks should be free of cracks and the outside surface given a coat of waterproofing before applying the stucco. All joints between tiles and concrete blocks should be properly sealed. Good practice provides for furring strips on the inside, and voids in the blocks should be filled with insulating material. It is not advisable to plaster directly on the inside of tile or concrete blocks.

Walls faced with field stone should be waterproofed and insulated, so as to make them resistant to frost and



Cracks are bound to result if you use wood lintels over window and door openings. Steel or reinforced concrete are more satisfactory.

moisture, and all joints solidly sealed and well pointed.

The next in this series will deal with roof and finishing construction of walls and ceilings. ☆

## Readers Write In . . .

"We are remodelling our home . . . " "Can I procure a loan?" . . . "I am making changes in my kitchen . . . " "Would you suggest a good color scheme?" More and more readers are making use of the "House Clinic" to solve their home problems.

**Question**—We would like your advice on the suitability of the following color schemes. There are two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen, dining room, living room and stairway. Kitchen, ivory and yellow; dining and living room walls, pale blue; ceiling and woodwork, ivory. Is it necessary to have the dining room and living room the same? The chintz drapes have a brown background; should the three-piece chesterfield covers be the same? How long should the drapes be?

**Answer**—Ivory and daffodil yellow, the former for walls and the latter for woodwork, would make a very pleasant color scheme for the kitchen. For the living room walls, put just a little yellow in the blue, it will relieve the color immensely. The dining room and living room can be the same. The chintz drapes should be floor length and have a cream background, not brown. One of the chesterfield chairs would look well if covered with a chintz or a printed linen of black and yellow stripes. Venetian blinds are the vogue for windows.

☆☆

**Question**—I am remodelling the living room and want to move the fireplace to the centre of the side of the room, as I think it would be more balanced. Will you kindly advise as to size of fireplace, and also what size windows would be best at each side of the fireplace.

**Answer**—I am sending you a brochure of "Modern Fireplaces with Construction Details." You can calculate the width of fireplace for the room yourself. Arrange for two windows, one on either side of the fireplace, each four feet wide. If these windows were built above the bookcases, which should not be more than two feet six inches high, the effect would be very pleasing. Paint the bookcases in the same color as the whole of the other woodwork of the room.

**Question**—I wish to redecorate a small bedroom with southern exposure. I have to use a walnut bed—colonial, small painted chest of drawers, and small painted table and chair. What would be the best color to paint them? (I want to leave the bed walnut.) With the color you suggest for the painted pieces, what color would be best to paint the walls and woodwork and best color for rug and curtains? I have a small delft blue rug and glass curtains with orange spots.

**Answer**—Paint the chest of drawers and small table and chair an old ivory, which would go very well with the walnut bed. The bedroom, having a southern exposure, would look well if the walls were finished a blue-grey, including baseboard and doors. If you do this, the blue rug and glass curtains would work in admirably with the scheme.

☆☆

**Question**—I own a piece of land ninety by one hundred and sixty feet, on which I have a cottage. The latter was built seven years ago and needs altering and renovating generally. There is electricity. Water is brought from an adjacent well. Can I procure a loan for this purpose? Where and how?

**Answer**—Write to Housing Administration, Department of Finance, Ottawa. Explain in your letter the extent of alterations and additions with approximate costs.

☆☆

**Question**—In remodelling our house we find it necessary to place the bathroom between the living room and a bedroom. Is there any way in which these walls could be soundproofed? Would filling these walls with shavings accomplish this?

**Answer**—An effective way to deaden sound, both in floors and in partitions, is to use a mineral or fibre insulation, as shown on print enclosed. Do not use shavings. ☆

## Four Parties

Continued from page 39

Tomato Juice or Cranberry Cocktail  
Macaroni Ring with Creamed Filling  
(chicken, diced ham, oysters,  
flaked lobster)

Celery Bran Muffins  
Chili Sauce Radishes  
Lime and Apple Whip  
Marshmallow Sauce  
Wafers  
Coffee or Tea

### Macaroni Ring

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

$\frac{1}{2}$  Pound of macaroni  
1 Cupful of soft bread  
crumbs  
1 Cupful of grated cheese  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of milk, scalded  
1 Teaspoonful of salt  
Dash of pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of paprika  
3 Eggs  
1 Teaspoonful of grated  
onion

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Rinse and drain. Add the bread crumbs and grated cheese to the scalded milk, combine thoroughly and add the salt, pepper, paprika, the slightly beaten eggs and the grated onion. Combine with the cooked macaroni and turn the mixture

into a greased ring mold. Set the mold in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—(350 deg. Fahr.)—for one half to three quarters of an hour or until set. Serve turned out onto a hot plate, the centre filled with a creamed, savory mixture. Approximately eight servings.

### Peanut Butter Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

(For the Knitting Party)

$\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of peanut butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of white sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of brown sugar  
1 Egg, well beaten  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of sifted flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of baking  
soda

Cream the butter thoroughly with the peanut butter. Add the white and the brown sugar and cream until very light and fluffy. Add the well-beaten egg, mixing well. Sift the flour and the baking soda together and gradually blend into the creamed mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Moisten a fork with water and press the cookie batter down into flat shape. Bake in a moderate oven—(350 deg. Fahr.)—for about twenty minutes. ☆

## Fish as Our New Canadians Cook It

Continued from page 40



cooking oil to fry them. Cook for three to five minutes, or until the fish is tender. Turn out on a bed of hot, freshly cooked green vegetable and serve immediately. Approximately six servings.

### Jellied Pike or Pickerel (Polish)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Fresh pike or yellow  
pickerel  
1 Large carrot  
1 Medium onion  
2 or 3 Stalks of celery  
2 or 3 Stalks of parsley  
6 or 8 Peppercorns  
1 Egg white

Remove the head from the fish, trim and clean thoroughly. Cut into sections, leaving skin and bones on, sprinkle with salt and allow to stand for several hours. Scrape and slice the carrot, peel and slice the onion, clean and slice the celery, wash the parsley and combine all of them in a saucepan. Add the peppercorns and a small amount of water and boil until the vegetables are tender. Add the fish and simmer over low heat until it is tender—approximately twenty minutes—adding more water if necessary. Remove the fish carefully to a deep

platter or other serving dish and allow to cool. Boil the stock for a few minutes, add an egg white to clarify it, cook for two or three minutes, then strain the mixture through a fine sieve. When the fish has cooled, remove the skin and bones, arrange the fish pieces on the platter and pour the strained stock over them. Let stand in a cool place until set, and serve cold with oil and vinegar. Approximately six servings.

### Smothered Smelts or Small Herring (Scandinavian Method)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

6 Smelts or small herring  
Flour  
Melted fat or oil  
1 Egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk  
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped  
chives or tiny green  
onions  
Salt and pepper to taste

Clean and wash the fish and cut in halves by splitting down the backbone. Remove the bones and coat the halves with flour. Place close together, skin side down, in a frying pan containing plenty of melted fat or cooking oil. Cook over moderate heat for about fifteen minutes, turning to brown both sides. Beat the egg, add the milk, the chopped chives or onion and the seasonings. Pour this mixture over the fish in the pan and cook over low heat until the mixture is set. This should look like a large pancake and may be turned out on a hot serving plate and cut in sections like a pie. Four to six servings. ☆ Continued on page 43

# CULINARY SECRETS FROM THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Bring a New Excitement to Your Cooking

## Five Chatelaine Service Bulletins



### MAN-MADE MEALS

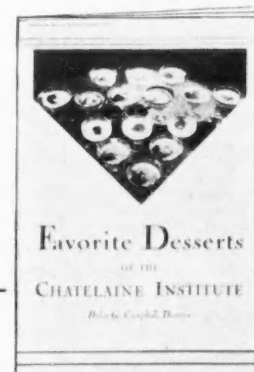
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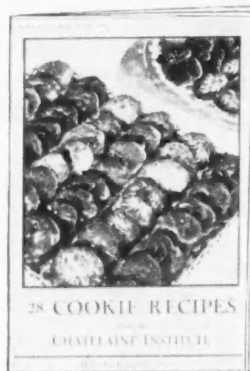
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# FISH—as Our New Canadians Cook It

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT'S ONE of the blessings of this democracy we're fighting for, that people of different races, creeds and traditions can live happily together. You can see the proof right here in our own country as native-born and new Canadians work together for the nation's good and fight together for a common cause.

From Denmark, Finland, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and other lands have come many hundreds of good Canadians with their thrift and industry to help our economic welfare along, and their arts and crafts, their folk music, their customs and traditions to enrich our cultural life.

And just as the new Canadian woman has contributed her sense of gay color in decoration, her skill and the nimbleness of her fingers in embroidery, weaving and other handicrafts, her culinary traditions add to the interest and enjoyment of our bill of fare.

Fish, for instance, is known and liked in every country, but dealt with according to the art of each. When the Norwegian housekeeper brings home a mackerel, she has her own way of making it into a tasty, economical dish. Cod or haddock is the starting point of a stew with many Italian cooks and the basis of a savory pudding in a Finnish kitchen. The Chinese transform a pickarel into something equally as good when eaten with a fork or chopsticks. So here they are—recipes collected from our neighbors and passed along to provide that bit of novelty which adds interest to your menus.

## Salmon or Lake Trout Steaks (Danish Method)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Select the required number of steaks, sprinkle lightly with salt and arrange in a lightly oiled pan. Add milk almost to cover and dot with small pieces of butter. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—until tender (15 to 20 minutes). Remove the steaks to a hot serving dish and thicken the liquid in the pan with flour (one tablespoonful of flour to three-quarters of a cupful of liquid). Add one to two teaspoonfuls of chopped capers, or vinegar or lemon juice, to taste. Mix well and serve hot over the cooked steaks. Garnish with parsley.



## Trout in Cream (A Czech Version of the Above Method)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Clean the trout and cut into portions for serving. Sprinkle with salt and arrange in a greased baking dish. Cover with waxed paper and bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. Remove the paper and pour

over the fish enough table cream just to cover. Continue baking in a slow oven—300 to 325 deg. Fahr.—for ten to fifteen minutes or until tender. Remove the fish carefully to a hot platter and to the liquid in the pan add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of butter, flour to thicken (one tablespoonful to three-quarters of a cupful of liquid) and two egg yolks. Beat together until thoroughly combined and pour over the fish as a sauce.

## Italian Fish Stew

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of fish fillets (haddock, cod, etc.)
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1 Medium onion, finely minced
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cooking oil
- 1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced parsley
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Egg

Cut the fillets into pieces for serving and place in a deep saucepan. Sprinkle with the salt and pepper and the minced onion. Add the cooking oil and the boiling water, cover and simmer for twenty to thirty minutes, or until tender. Lift the fish carefully to a hot serving platter and sprinkle with the minced parsley. Boil the liquid in the saucepan rapidly for five minutes, add the lemon juice and pour gradually over the lightly beaten egg. Combine thoroughly and pour over the fish. Six to eight servings.



A happy Canadian in native Finnish costume.

## Fish Pudding (Finnish)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked fish (cod, haddock, etc.)
- ½ Medium onion, minced
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of fine bread crumbs
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 3 Eggs
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley

Remove all the bones from the cooked fish and put through the food chopper. Cook the onion lightly in the butter, add the bread crumbs and the milk and combine thoroughly with the ground fish. Add the eggs, which have been beaten until very light, and force the whole mixture through a purée sieve. Add the salt, pepper, lemon juice and chopped parsley, mix well and turn into a buttered baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for approximately forty-five minutes, or

until the mixture is set. Serve at once. Eight servings.

## Baked Mackerel (Norwegian Style)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Remove the head, draw the fish and wash thoroughly. Dry well and fill the cavity with chopped parsley which has been mixed with one to two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Sew up the fish and coat with flour which has been mixed with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. Place the prepared fish in an oiled, shallow baking pan and bake in a moderately hot oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned on both sides. Pour one-half cupful of table cream into the pan (not over the fish) and bake for one-half to three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven—300 to 325 deg. Fahr. Baste with the cream several times during the cooking and serve hot with baked potatoes.

## Fried Pickarel (Chinese)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Pounds of fresh pickarel
- 1 Tablespoonful of thinly sliced ginger (more if desired)
- 1 Tablespoonful of sweet dill pickle, cut in fine shreds
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of soy sauce
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green onions
- Cooking oil
- Freshly cooked green vegetables (broccoli, Chinese cabbage, etc.)

Have the fish skinned and boned, clean thoroughly and cut into small pieces. Place in a frying pan with the sliced ginger, the shredded dill pickles, soy sauce, green onions and enough





### Dutch Fish Cakes (Vischkoekjes)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of flaked or shredded cooked fish
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of dry bread crumbs
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of milk
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of pepper and nutmeg

Combine the flaked fish with the bread crumbs. To the well-beaten egg add the milk, melted butter, parsley and seasonings and combine with the fish mixture. Shape into six medium-sized cakes and pan fry in butter or

other fat, turning once to brown on both sides.

### Fish and Potato Casserole (Icelandic)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of fish (cooked or canned or minced raw fish)
- 2 Small onions
- 3 to 4 Medium potatoes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Flour
- Milk

Remove the bones and flake the fish if cooked or canned, put through the food chopper if raw. Spread one-half of the fish in a buttered baking dish. Peel and slice one of the onions and arrange the slices on top of the fish. Over this arrange one half of the potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge well with flour. Repeat these three layers and pour in enough milk just to show through the top layer. Dot with butter and bake in a moderately hot oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for about forty-five minutes, or until the potatoes are cooked. ☆

## Fixin' the Gravy

IT'S A question just where to draw the line—if any—between gravy and sauce. We'll let it go by saying gravy is a sauce—used with meat or fowl—and usually made from the drippings in the pan, or from the liquid used for boiling the meat.

Which brings up visions of a smooth, brown gravy, perfect with mashed potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, or poured generously over a good, husky slice of bread. If you can make that kind of gravy, you can make a dozen other kinds. If you can't make good gravy, here's how—your choice of two ways:

Make the gravy in the pan in which the meat was cooked. Pour off all but three or four tablespoonfuls of the fat, add four to five tablespoonfuls of flour, blend thoroughly and cook until browned. Add two cupfuls of boiling water gradually, while constantly stirring, and cook, continuing to stir, until smooth and thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

The other way is to pour off the excess fat, add two cupfuls of boiling water to the juices in the pan and stir until well mixed. Combine four tablespoonfuls of flour with one-quarter cupful of cold water to form a smooth paste, add gradually to the hot liquid and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Season to taste.

From there on it's up to you. If you're an experimental cook, you'll try various seasonings for variety—condiment sauces, herbs and spices, meat extracts, a bit of onion, mustard, horse-radish or what have you.

Or you'll let yourself go occasionally and add whole cans of soup, glasses of jelly, handfuls of fruit and other sweet or savory ingredients.

### For Chicken

The Mushroom Gravy accompanying the chicken in the illustration is nothing to make, but it is something to

eat. Add one-half cupful of boiling water to the drippings in the roaster where the chicken was cooked, and stir until all the nice brown is dissolved from the sides and bottom of the pan. Then add a can of mushroom soup—not diluted—and cook and stir until blended and smooth. You can make this kind of gravy for steak, too, if you like.

### For Roast Pork

A Savory Tomato Gravy is a grand idea with roast pork, now and then. Pour all but about four tablespoonfuls of fat from the pan, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook and stir until well blended and bubbling. Add about two cupfuls of boiling water, gradually, and cook and stir until thick and smooth. Stir in one-half can of undiluted tomato soup and season to taste with salt and pepper. The only additional tip we have to offer here is to make plenty.

### For Lamb

When lamb is the meat, make the gravy in the pan as usual and just before serving stir in one tablespoonful of lemon juice and about half a cupful of tart currant jelly.

### For Veal

One or two tablespoonfuls of ground relish or finely chopped pickle is good, added to veal gravy.

### For Ham

Here's one for baked or boiled ham: Use about four tablespoonfuls of the fat in the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and mix well. Then add one teaspoonful—more or less—of mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, about two tablespoonfuls of washed, seedless raisins and a dash of brown sugar.

And so it goes; it's a great subject for experiment.



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<b>1. BREAKFAST</b> <i>(New Year's Day)</i> Half Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Tea Coffee	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Lobster Chowder Biscuits Mixed Salad Bowl Individual Hot Mince Pies Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Apple Juice Roast Duck Currant Jelly Sweet Potatoes Creamed Onions Fruit Ice Cream Shortbread Christmas Cake Coffee Tea	<b>17. BREAKFAST</b> Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Ramekins of Canned Fish Celery Fruit Cup Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Consommé Cold Sliced Heart Savory Rice Cauliflower Steamed Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>2.</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Curried Duck on Toast Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Turnips Apple Tapioca Coffee Tea	<b>18.</b> Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Nut Bread Marmalade Coffee Tea	Italian Spaghetti Lettuce with Dressing Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Jelly Prunes with Cream Coffee Tea
<b>3.</b> Cereal with Raisins Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Bread Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Carrots Diced Fruits in Jelly Coffee Wafers Tea	<b>19.</b> Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Jelly Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fish Steaks Mashed Potatoes Savory Cabbage Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>4.</b> Apples Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Hot Cole Slaw Stewed Prunes Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Cold Veal Loaf Baked Potatoes Squash Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea	<b>20.</b> Tomato Juice Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Dill Pickles Brown Rolls Sliced Bananas and Oranges Tea Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Potato Cakes Harvard Beets Fresh Apple Sauce Coffee Spice Cake Tea
<b>5.</b> Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Casserole of Lima Beans and Tomatoes Apple Sauce Crisp Cookies Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie with Parsley Sauce French Fried Potatoes Spinach Coffee Prune Whip Tea	<b>21. (Sunday)</b> Chilled Grape Juice Bacon and Eggs Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Oyster Stew Biscuits Assorted Relishes Ice Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Cranberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
<b>6.</b> Cereal Creamed Left-over Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Biscuits Cheese Jelly Fruit Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Peas Boiled Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea	<b>22.</b> Orange Sections Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Chicken Shortcake Waldorf Salad Fruit Dressing Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Onion Gravy Mashed Potatoes Carrots Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>7. (Sunday)</b> Chilled Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Small Sausages Toast Coffee Tea	Devilled Egg Salad Brown Bread Cranberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Parsnips Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	<b>23.</b> Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Pepperpot Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Pan-fried Potatoes Creamed Celery Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea
<b>8.</b> Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Scalloped Corn Brown Bread Canned Plums Pastry Pinwheels Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Green Beans Steamed Cup Cakes with Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>24.</b> Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Pork and Beans Chili Sauce Brown Bread Stewed Apples (cook enough for Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Boiled Brisket Potatoes Turnip Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
<b>9.</b> Grapefruit Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Lettuce French Dressing Iced Cake Tea Cocoa	Browned Hash Baked Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Cornstarch Coffee Pudding Tea	<b>25.</b> Stewed Apples Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Bacon Corn Pudding Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Broth with Rice Cold Sliced Brisket Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>10.</b> Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Bacon Baked Stuffed Onions Stewed Apricots Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Shredded Cabbage Parsley Potatoes Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	<b>26.</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Canned Pears Gingerbread (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Cod with Dressing Parsley Potatoes Peas Lemon Pie Coffee Tea
<b>11.</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Bran Muffins Apple and Raisin Salad Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Coconut Custard Coffee Tea	<b>27.</b> Stewed Prunes Creamed Fish (left-over) on Toast Coffee Tea	Onion Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie Cauliflower Buttered Beets Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
<b>12.</b> Tomato Juice Bread and Hot Milk Toasted Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Grilled Kippers Lyonnaise Potatoes Apricot Whip Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Vegetable Plate (Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Creamed Cauliflower, Diced Beets) Johnny Cake Syrup Coffee Tea	<b>28. (Sunday)</b> Half Grapefruit Waffles or Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Welsh Rarebit Green Salad Bowl Frozen or Plain Prune Whip Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Baked Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>13.</b> Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Canned Berries Heated Johnny Cake (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Buttered Asparagus Cuttings Fruit Jelly Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>29.</b> Apple Sauce Cereal Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Canned Asparagus on Toast Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Sliced Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes String Beans Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
<b>14. (Sunday)</b> Cranberry Juice Fish Cakes and Bacon Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Noodle Soup Toasted Rolls with Cream Cheese and Marmalade Bowl of Fresh Fruits Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Grilled Wing Steaks French Fried Potatoes Broccoli Plum Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>30.</b> Orange Halves Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Diced Cottage Roll Hot Biscuits Apple Sauce Tea Cocoa	Dressed Flank Steak Potato Cakes Squash Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>15.</b> Cereal with Dates Plain Omelet Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Pickles Stewed Apples Cakes (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Sausages Mashed Potatoes Peas Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea	<b>31.</b> Tomato Juice Bacon Toasted Biscuits Marmalade Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Perfection Salad Peaches Wafers Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Carrots Corn Coffee Rice Pudding Tea
<b>16.</b> Orange Juice Cereal Scones Honey Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Cabbage and Apple Salad Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Baked Dressed Heart Duchess Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard Coffee Tea			

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances  
 Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

found in eggs, summer milk and butter, red salmon, sardines and herring, but not enough to make the supply sure. The fish liver oils, such as cod, halibut and percomorph liver oils, are the best sources of vitamin D, and some of these are so concentrated that you need just a few drops daily. You can take them in tasteless capsules if you like. Children under two should have one to three teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil, or its equivalent of the other fish liver oils, daily. Older children and adults should get the equivalent of at least one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil each day. If you have trouble getting your older youngsters to take this, you may increase the vitamin D in their diet by the use of milk, bread or cereals which have had this vitamin added.

In this part of the world the other three vitamins are adequately supplied by any ordinary diet.

Other important food materials that we need to remember are the minerals. We actually need to eat some thirteen different minerals in order to have a complete diet, but in practice there are only three that we must remember. In any reasonable diet we get enough of the other ten. The three that we need to watch are calcium, iron and iodine. Calcium compounds are white chalky substances, and our bones and teeth are hard and white because they contain a great deal of calcium. This mineral also plays many other important roles in the body.

Where do we find calcium in our

foods? The best way to get our daily dose is to drink milk. Children need especially generous amounts, as they are growing new bone rapidly. They should have a pint and a half a day—some of which may be used for making puddings, soups and so on. Adults should have one-half pint to one pint a day, and more if they prefer. If you are afraid of getting fat, skim milk or buttermilk will give you the calcium. Of course if you use these, you need to eat a reasonable amount of butter and colored vegetables to be sure you are getting enough vitamin A. Cheese is very rich in calcium, and vegetables also add to our daily supply.

Haemoglobin gives our blood its fine red color. Iron is an essential part of haemoglobin. To keep up our haemoglobin supply we need to eat plenty of iron-containing food. If not, we are apt to become pale and anaemic, lack energy, and pick up infections easily.

Iron is not so generously distributed in our foods as we would wish. Liver, kidney, vegetables and fruits are our best suppliers of it. Eggs, whole-grain cereals, molasses and meat also add their share. Mothers eat less of the iron-containing foods than their husbands, and this, combined with the processes of menstruation and child-bearing, renders them particularly prone to anaemia. They should make a point of eating plenty of these iron-rich foods.

If you live near the sea, you don't need to think of iodine, because the

sea spray which is driven inland "iodizes" the soil and you get it in your vegetables. But those of us who live inland should use iodized salt. This is ordinary salt with a slight trace of iodine added. If growing children are not given enough iodine, they are apt to develop "thick necks" or adolescent goitres. This is not only unsightly, but it may cause more serious trouble later.

It is pretty evident that the most important kinds of foods to remember are milk, vegetables, fruit, cheese, eggs, liver, meat, fish, the coarser types of cereals and brown bread. If your family is healthy, it is well to take half of your cereals and bread in the whole-grain form. For your babies, and occasionally also for others, this may be too laxative. Dr. Sherman, a leading scientist in New York City, has suggested a simple and efficient way of dividing your food money—spend as much on milk and dairy products as on meat, fish, poultry, and spend an equal amount on fruits and vegetables. Most of us spend too much on meats, because we prefer the tender cuts. The cheaper cuts are just as nutritious if you cook them so that they are tender. A good many people think fruits are luxurious. Actually they are food essentials, and fruit twice a day should be your aim, with at least one of them raw or factory canned. Toward the end of the winter, when tinned or storage vegetables begin to pall, a reasonable amount of the new season's crop is a welcome change and not a real

extravagance if you have a moderate income. Plan to have two vegetables besides potatoes daily.

Feeding your family well does not mean giving them fancy, rich foods; in fact these are better avoided. Your meals can be simple and easy to prepare, in fact they are better that way. The plan is general and you can vary it to suit yourself. No single food is absolutely essential, but it is very difficult to make a suitable diet for children without milk. Plenty of variety is the safest way—and the more money you spend on food the more variety you can get. It is not wise to try to save money on food unless you are absolutely sure that your family is getting all the essentials. In 1773, at the time of the famous Boston tea party, about half of the American income went for food, and only eight per cent was spent on sundries or nonessentials. In 1935, 150 years later, only about one third went for food, and twenty-four per cent was spent on nonessentials.

So we could spend more on food if we thought it worth while. Actually, the well-fed family, if it gets enough sleep, exercise and fresh air as well, needs much less medical and dental care than the poorly fed family. Your extra food outlay may save you money in the long run. There is plenty of evidence to show that well-fed children grow better, have richer, redder blood, have sounder teeth, and have less trouble from disease than their badly fed playmates. ★

## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 32

"I have," she said. "I behaved scandalously. I took an unfair advantage."

"You always do."

"And now I want to make up. I want him to be happy."

"With the Foreign Office?"

"He's not marrying the Foreign Office?"

"I'm not so sure. The blood of the Foreign Office runs in her veins."

"I know her and you don't, Sam," she said. "She feels just as I do—would do. But her sort don't make a song and a dance of it like I do."

Mr. Findlater snorted.

"I don't care what you know. I don't like the Foreign Office or its ox or its ass or anything that is his. So you can leave me out."

She was silent for a moment, and he braced himself to meet some new line of attack. He noticed that she had discarded her native Lancashire. She talked as David Gretorex's wife might have done.

"Of course," she said resignedly. "I shouldn't have come to you. I don't know any reason why you should help me."

"No, you don't," he said. "And I'm not going to help you make a fool of both of us."

"Listen, Sam, I've got money too. Bill gives this show a year's run. And then I'll go to Hollywood. I could pay you back."

"I know what it is," he said. "You've been listening too much to these weak-headed young men who hang round stage doors."

"And send me orchids."

"And tell you you're a cross between the Venus de Milo and Marie Lloyd. You think you can put anything over on anybody."

"Please, Sam—just a loan."

"I didn't make my money to do fool things with it."

"Then what did you make it for?"

He stared at her as though overtaken by a new and disturbing thought, and she took the opportunity to put her arms round his neck. "Please think about it. Even if Longspere were turned into a museum it wouldn't hurt him so much. You know, Mr. Samuel Findlater's great gift to the nation—

day. They're unveiling the tablets. I've got to fly."

"All right," he said. "Fly, and good riddance to you."

She kissed him and was gone. Mr. Findlater watched the limousine slide down the street and round the corner. Then, after an interval of deep thought, he rang the bell.

"I'd like a timetable," he said.

MR. FINDLATER refused the offer of a taxi. He wanted to walk. It had begun to drizzle. But that seemed to make it more natural. Melford was given to drizzles. He strolled along

flags hanging from one grimy little house to another suggested that Melford had even found cause for celebration.

Mr. Findlater muttered, "Holy smoke!" under the impact of a sudden and alarming thought.

He knew what Melford was celebrating.

He wondered what he meant to do about it. Obviously he was up to something, as Ma Janeway suspected, but what it was he didn't know yet. To give himself time he made a detour round by Sanderson's. Mr. Sanderson was putting up his shutters. He was an old man now. His glasses fell off and he had a hard time with the bolts and fastenings. Mr. Findlater came to his assistance. He took a peek into the dim, musty little shop. Yes, there were the neat little piles of newspapers on the counter, the shelves stacked with every variety of gasper, the glass jars half full of bull's-eyes. Nothing had changed. Except that he didn't feel the same about the bull's-eyes.

"No, sir," Mr. Sanderson said. "There won't be much business done today in Melford. Every man-Jack of us is going to the Town Hall. You couldn't get in without a ticket."

"How about a fiver?"

"No, indeed. I knew Jeremy Janeway. I used to play marbles with him. I knew Albert too. A fine quarterback till he took to religion. I wouldn't feel right, selling my ticket—"

"What about love, then? I'm an American. But I've heard a lot about this Jeremy. I've sort of taken a shine to him."

## "THE LETTERS OF DAVINA"

What's England like . . . now?

Davina Craig brings refreshingly witty and lighthearted point of view in her letters, beginning on page two of this issue.

This young English girl has made a name for herself on the English screen, and many of her pictures have been released in Canada. She has also illustrated some children's stories with distinction. Now her letters from England will bring a new understanding of what war means in the homeland to Canadian readers.

Turn to Page Two for a New Enjoyment

why, they might give you a knight-hood, darling."

"They will not. I'm an American citizen, young woman."

"That won't prevent you thinking, will it? Only please think fast. Ring me up tonight at the theatre."

"Where are you going now?"

"To Melford. With Ma. It's her big

leisurely, stopping once in a while to make sure of his street. Melford had never been beautiful. But now the town had a battered look as though it had just come up from another bout with a depression and was still a bit winded and worried like. Nevertheless Melford was not downhearted. Melford was tough. The rather bedraggled



# Eat and Be Healthy

*In order to feed your family well,  
you must understand a few simple,  
nutritional food facts*

By ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, M.D.

Nutritional Research Laboratory, Hospital for Sick Children  
and Department of Paediatrics, University of Toronto.



YOU DON'T have to uproot all your eating habits in order to feed your family well; a good many of our old-established customs have stood the scientist's piercing scrutiny. And you don't need to martyr yourself in order to be healthy, despite the food faddist's claims to the contrary.

Forty years ago the chemists thought that all we needed was to fill ourselves up. How we did it, mattered little. Since then scientific knowledge has developed by leaps and bounds, and we now know that foods vary greatly in their worth, and in order to feed our families well, we need to understand a few simple nutritional facts. But this certainly doesn't mean that you need to be fanatically food conscious.

Children are growing muscles, bones, liver and so on, at a great rate. They can't grow their bodies properly unless they eat food containing the proper kind of building materials. For building muscle and other parts of their bodies, they need plenty of such foods as milk, cheese, eggs, meat—including liver, chicken and fish—which are rich in very good proteins. These proteins are remarkable, for you can't have living substance of any kind without them. In some mysterious way they are essential to life.

Now, not only does the growing child need a fair amount of these good protein foods, but the adult needs them too, for parts of our body are wearing out all the time and having to be replaced. If the right repairing materials are present in the food, the body carries this out in an imperceptible but very efficient manner.

Besides these protein-building materials, we also need to eat vitamins. They are the regulators of many of the important activities that take place inside us, and as we can't make vitamins for ourselves, we have to eat them in our food. Some of our common foods are poorer in them than others, and that fact is responsible for a lot of trouble.

There are at least seven vitamins that we human beings need. These vitamins are not just vague vaporings of the scientific mind, they are actual chemical substances—in fact we know the exact chemical composition of six of them. They are all entirely different, but they are all alike in that the absolute lack of any one of them causes serious disease, without any help from our old enemies, the germs. Nowadays, we seldom find people, except among poverty-stricken Asians, eating diets so poor that they are

entirely lacking in any one of the vitamins, but a good many people, even in prosperous Canada, eat less than they should of some of them. When they do that, their general health is below par, and they lack energy and initiative. They are the Weary Willies of the world. Poor diets usually do not cause trouble immediately—in fact it may be years before their bad effects are evident, but one cannot eat badly chosen food for any considerable time and remain unscathed. We are no longer content with merely advocating a diet that will allow an individual to carry on and no more. What we are aiming at is not the mere absence of illness, but positive good health. *What do these various vitamins do for us in our bodies, and where can we get them in our foods?*

Vitamin A is needed to keep the lining of our nose, throat, lungs, eyelids, and so on, in normal moist condition. If we are very short of this vitamin these lining layers become dry and scaly, and often germs lodge in them and cause serious trouble. Also, if we are short in this vitamin we have

- (2) Colored vegetables and fruits, such as green cabbage, carrots, apricots, peaches, etc. Actually these foods contain a substance known as "carotene," which we can change into vitamin A in our bodies.
- (3) Liver of any kind and egg yolk.
- (4) Fish liver oils—cod, halibut, percomorph liver oils.

We need vitamin B1 in order to use our food completely in our bodies. If we haven't enough of this vitamin, certain waste products from the partially used food accumulate in various places. This is most serious if it occurs in the brain, and beriberi—a very common and severe disease in the rice-eating Orient—is the result. A partial lack of this vitamin is common in the Western world nowadays, especially among people who eat a great deal of white bread, pie, biscuits, cake and sweetstuffs. Generous amounts of this vitamin keep us from getting certain types of neuritis and help us to avoid constipation. It also definitely increases the appetite. Where do we find this vitamin?

- (1) Whole-grain cereals, such as whole

incidentally pork is much richer in vitamin B1 than beef or lamb. Wheat germ is naturally very rich in this vitamin. So is yeast.

- (2) Liver, kidney, heart and other organs.
- (3) Vegetables, fruits and eggs.

Vitamin C is needed to prevent us from getting the disease known as scurvy, and it also helps to keep our teeth and gums in good condition. Vitamin C is, unfortunately, easily destroyed when it is heated in the presence of air. Vegetables and fruit, when canned in factories, are heated in the absence of air, and this preserves their vitamin C, but unfortunately you may destroy most of it by subsequent boiling or baking. It is best to warm the canned food to the desired heat just before use. Adding soda to tomato soup is also very destructive to vitamin C.

Where do we find vitamin C in our foods?

- (1) Raw fruits and vegetables, especially oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and salad vegetables such as cabbage and tomatoes. Eat some of these daily.
- (2) Factory-canned fruits and vegetables.

The juice in the can contains much of the vitamin C, and we should be sure to use this juice. The water in which vegetables have been cooked contains a lot of other valuable food material too, and you shouldn't wastefully pour this down the sink.

Our children, especially our babies, should get vitamin D in the winter-time or they may develop rickets. In rickets the bones are not properly hardened and they often become deformed when the child walks or crawls. We need vitamin D in order to form strong hard bones. Dr. Tisdall, Dr. Agnew and their assistants at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, have also shown that young children have less decay in their teeth if they are given extra vitamin D during the colder three quarters of the year. Dr. May Mellanby, in England, and others elsewhere, have also found this to be the case. It is likely too that older children and adults have better health in the winter if they take some extra vitamin D.

How can we get this vitamin? In the summer we don't need to worry, because the sun shining on the skin changes a substance that it always contains into vitamin D for us. In our natural foods there is extremely little vitamin D. Very small amounts are



Not only do children need health essentials — but adults too.

difficulty in seeing in a dim light, especially after coming from a brightly lighted place, and this may be the reason why some people find driving at night on country roads so difficult. This latter handicap is commonly known as night-blindness.

Where do we find vitamin A in our foods? There are four common sources:

- (1) Milk fat—in milk, butter, cream, etc.

wheat, rolled wheat, rolled oats, etc. Most of the vitamin B1 of the grain is present in the bran which surrounds the grain, and in the germ, or embryo, from which the new plant grows. When wheat is milled, practically all the bran and germ are removed in order to make the flour white. Much of this discarded material is sold to the farmer for pig feed. So actually the pigs get the best of the wheat, and

her heart out on his shoulder like a little girl. Biff-Janey had never seen her mother cry before. She said indignantly, "You leave Ma alone, Sam Findlater."

"That's what I've been doing, lass," he said, "and I'm that ashamed."

"Jeremy," Ma Janeway said, "why did you?"

"Reckon you'll never understand, Ma. When I saw that gormless girl jump out of the window I chucked my old teeth in the fire and walked out of the back door. I hadn't planned it. It just came to me. Every hair I had had been scorched off me, and when it came back it was black like you see it. No one would have known me anyway. I shipped to Ireland, and some of my old Sinn Feiners got me a passport. I went to Canada and then on to the States."

"You're a nice one," Biff-Janey said.

"I was crazy, Janey. I just couldn't face your Ma with the truth."

"What truth?"

"About being a capitalist. It was this way, Janey. I'd worked at a new weave—better nor silk—and I knew I'd get a champion price for it. I wanted to be rich, Ma. I'd always wanted to be. I just played up to you, Ma, about Communism and all that stuff because—well, because I was crazy about you and there didn't seem no other way to get you. And afterward—it was kind of easier to go right along." He looked at Janey appealingly. "But I'd always wanted things," he said, "like a Rolls-Royce."

Ma Janeway sat bolt upright.

"Were you the Unknown Comrade," she demanded, "who sent that money for Bert's education?"

"Yes, Ma."

She almost groaned.

"And to think of th' things I said to him! I told him he was a thief—taking a comrade's money to be a missionary. He said it wasn't his fault. He had to be a missionary. And he wasn't a thief. He'd pay the money back if he had to steal it. Then I said that was just like a capitalist. And he went off in a rage. I—I never saw th' lad again."

"I'm sorry, Ma. I couldn't do less. You can't think how I felt about the kids. When I heard about Janey going into vaudeville, I could hardly keep still. I was that proud. I put up the money for her first big show. And I've kept track of her. I did, didn't I, Janey?"

"You did that. You and your orchids," she said. But her face softened. "I got to look for them. And I got to like having you round, too."

"Thank you, Janey," he said humbly. "It was the only real fun I had out of it all. I wanted to come back, but I didn't know how. I thought one day I might lose my money and then Ma might forgive me. But I didn't. Reckon I'm the only man in the world sold out in '28, bought in again in '30 and sold out in '31. I just didn't seem able to miss."

A very queer thing happened. Ma Janeway laughed. It was a rusty little cackle like the noise of a machine that has been out of use for years and was just getting started again. Janey couldn't remember her mother laughing either. It frightened her.

"You stop at the next pub, Sam or Pa or whatever you are," she said, "and get Ma a spot of brandy."

"Thee hold thy noise, Janey," Ma said. "I don't want nowt. I'm champion." She sat up with her old straightness. "And to think," she said, "I've been running round for years with them gormless Communists, just to keep faith with you, Jeremy Janeway."

He seemed scarcely to have heard

But if the general had escaped destruction there was a hope.

"We Janeways die hard," he said.

"So what do we do about those tablets?" Janey asked, consternated.

"Let 'em stay. They're nice tablets. Melford'll get a lot of kick out of them. If Ma moves to foreign parts and marries a Mr. Findlater—"

She bent forward and kissed him. "Thee's champion, Pa. But I'm not marrying anyone."

"Whatever you do—" Mr. Findlater said, "I'm going to buy your mother a new hat."

ACCORDING TO the law, Lord John Gretorex was formally charged before a London magistrate with—as Mr. Findlater expressed it—making a darn fool of himself. Several other members of his board were under arrest. Mr. Anderson had vanished in the general direction of South America, and the shares of the Anglo-Sino Company had dropped to one—where they no doubt belonged. However, it was rumored that the company, which as a sort of side line had some legitimate business and honest assets, was to be reorganized under the chairmanship of the well-known business magnate, Mr. Samuel Findlater, and it was improbable that the shareholders would suffer seriously.

Lord John pleaded guilty—absolutely, he said—and at first refused Findlater's offer of bail. The whole business was his fault. And anyhow, much better start getting used to things. However, the magistrate, who was deaf and testy, seemed to think Lord John was making a deliberate nuisance of himself. A man in his position ought to be doing something for the country instead of trying to clutter up its prisons and live on the taxpayers. This argument was so conclusive that presently Lord John and Mr. Findlater left Bow Street together.

The trial was set for a month later. "When it comes to justice," Findlater remarked with admiration, "you folk make me feel my age."

Hedgey sighed.

"Well, anyway I'm glad you're in the straight, Findlater. Bound to tell the truth. Much better. That's a fine girl of yours. Mrs.—eh—Findlater too. One of the best. Communists often darn nice people, so I'm told."

"Ma isn't much of a Communist any more," Mr. Findlater said. "And you should see her in her new hat!"

The two men strolled down to the Embankment and discussed plans. Lord John had his already. His lawyer had told him that if he was lucky he might find himself in the First Division, where he would be allowed books. So he was going to do a spot of reading. Mainly about pigs. Something wrong with the way he bred them. Good pigs, of course, but not in the ribbon class. Mr. Findlater seemed to have a deep interest in pigs too. He said he wanted to start an experimental farm and perhaps, when he was at liberty to do so, Lord John would run it for him. After a few months quiet study he ought to have a lot of fresh ideas.

"Darn nice of you," Hedgey said gruffly. "Being kind and all that. Grateful."

"You don't have to be," Findlater said. "I'm a good businessman and pigs are good business."

He went on to remark that David was doing nicely in his job as secretary and as soon as the new company was formed he could expect something bigger and better. "He'll be able to marry anyone he pleases," Findlater said very casually.

☆ Continued on page 49

## Mitts for a Tiny Tot

The original mitts were made from Monarch Down

Size 3 Years

Materials:

1 two-ounce ball 4-ply wool in scarlet

1 set (4) No. 11 needles

Starting at wrist, cast on 32 sts., join.

Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 20 rounds. Knit 4 rounds.

Start Gusset:

Next Round—K3, K2 sts. in next st., K1, K2 sts. in next st., knit to end of round.

Knit 2 rounds.

4th Round—K3, K2 sts. in next st., K3, K2 sts. in next st., knit to end of round.

Knit 2 rounds.

Continue increasing in this manner, increasing 2 sts. more every 3rd round (having 2 sts. more between increases) until there are 9 sts. between.

Next Round—K4, slip the next 9 sts. onto a thread, cast on 1 st., knit to end of round (30 sts. on needles).

Knit 10 rounds.

Next Round—\* K4, K2tog, repeat from \* around.

Knit 2 rounds.

Next Round—\* K3, K2tog, repeat from \* around.

Knit 2 rounds.

Next Round—\* K2, K2tog, repeat from \* around.



Knit 2 rounds.

Next Round—\* K1, K2tog, repeat from \* around.

Knit 2 rounds.

GRAFT—With wrong side of work toward you, with a darning needle: \* Put needle in first stitch on front needle as if to knit, draw wool through and take off. Put needle in 2nd stitch, as if to purl, draw wool through and leave on needle. Put needle in first st. on back needle as if to purl, draw wool through and take off. Put needle through 2nd stitch, as if to knit, draw wool through and leave on needle.\*

Repeat from \* to \* and darn in on wrong side.

THUMB—Take the 9 sts. from thread, pick up 3 sts. across hand (top of gusset), join. Knit 9 rounds.

Next Round—K2tog, 6 times.

Break wool and draw wool through remaining sts.

Finish off on wrong side.

the amazing statement. They'd left Melford and its drizzle behind them. The ancient taxi was chugging its way between green fields drowsing in a soft sunshine.

"And then," Mr. Findlater said, "with our Janey in all this trouble I couldn't stick it, Ma. I thought however you felt about me we ought to see her through together. I had to come home. But it was a gormless way to do it."

"Thee was always a bit weak-like in the head," Ma said. "But a good lad. Bert was the spittin' image of thee."

She began to cry again.

He patted her hand. He didn't tell her about the cable tucked in his pocket. He didn't dare. The fact that General Li had resurrected destructively on the Japanese lines of communication might mean anything,

"Do I?" Ma said.

"Yes, you do, Ma," he said firmly.

Biff-Janey looked earnestly at her watch.

"Good heavens! At this rate we'll be in London by midnight. And the show goes on at 8.30. You drop me, young-fellow-me-lad, at the nearest station. These two want to take their time."

Mr. Findlater tucked Ma Janeway comfortably against his shoulder. She looked amazingly young and very tired, as though she might fall asleep.

"Anyway I won't have to ring you up," he said. "I told my agent to buy Longspere at any price as soon as it comes into the market. Reckon Ma and I will live in it for a bit. And I'm not leaving it to the Foreign Office. I'm leaving it to your children, Janey, if you marry the right man."



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"A what?"

"A shine—a liking."

"Oh, yes, I see. Fancy that now. Way off in America. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, sir. I'll speak to the Missus. She's not much for meetings. And she's not a Melford woman. I'll ask her."

It transpired that Mrs. Sanderson, who had something better to do, was delighted to oblige, so Mr. Findlater, with his collar turned up about his ears and his American accent making conversation very difficult, accompanied his guide to the market square. Mr. Sanderson was right. Every able-bodied man, woman and child had made a point of turning out for the event.

"Mr. Janeway was very respected," Mr. Sanderson explained. "He and Mrs. Janeway had very unusual ideas and most of us disapproved of them. Albert was a missionary and a lot of people disapproved of him too. But they were both Melford."

"I guess if you're Melford," Mr. Findlater said, "you could get away with murder."

"Oh, no, sir, I should hardly say that. But no doubt there would be what is called, I believe, extenuating circumstances—"

They edged their way through the main doors and up the broad staircase into the main hall. It wasn't as big and impressive as Mr. Findlater had expected. In fact it was rather mean and dingy-looking. But on the wall, on either side of the mayor's seat of office, were the two tablets, ceremoniously draped in blue and red bunting.

"We had a bit of a row about the colors," Mr. Sanderson whispered. "Jim Tanks—Comrade Tanks he calls himself—wanted the red flag and the mayor wanted the Union Jack. So we compromised with a bit of both."

Mr. Findlater blew his nose violently.

IT WAS a sober, rather silent crowd. Happen a lot of the young people didn't know much about Jeremy Janeway and cared less. And the older people were thinking about what twenty years had done to them all. So that when the mayor (who had been a fat red-faced little boy at the bottom of his class and was now a fat red-faced man and, as Mr. Sanderson said, ran the biggest butcher's shop for miles round) made his appearance on the platform in all the splendor of office,

the cheering was just polite. But for Ma Janeway and Biff they took the roof off. Behind the two ladies came a chunky young man who looked as though his clothes bothered him.

"That's Comrade Tanks," Mr. Sanderson explained. "He and the mayor had a rare set-to about the Address. The mayor says Jeremy was a National Hero, and Comrade Tanks says he's a capitalistic victim. The mayor had to compromise on that too—on account of Tanks playing centre forward for Melford." Mr. Sanderson sighed reflectively. "A bit queer like in the head," he said, "but a gradely lad with the ball."

The acoustics had always been bad. Or perhaps it was the drumming in Mr. Findlater's ears. At any rate he didn't hear much of the mayor's opening remarks. The mayor said, too, that Jeremy had had ideas. They weren't everybody's ideas. Some of the community hadn't approved of them at all. On the other hand it was a Melford contention that a man had a right to his thoughts and to speak them out like a man. All they asked was that he should play fair. That, it seemed, Jeremy had done. And his son Albert was Melford too. And a fair fighter. Comrade Tanks here had had to admit as much. So that they were now all in agreement and Comrade Tanks would presently address the meeting. But first he, the mayor, wanted to introduce Mrs. and Miss Janeway. They all knew Biff-Janey. Sergeant Stokes had never forgotten her. (Loud laughter.) She was the pride of Melford. Eh, and of all Lancashire. Well, she was going to sing for them. And at the end they'd all sing the National Anthem and the Red Flag. Comrade Tanks had agreed to sing the Anthem if the rest of the company would sing his song. Which seemed only fair. It was a good tune, the mayor said, and they'd find the words on a printed slip on their seats.

And now if Biff-Janey would oblige. She stepped forward. And Mr. Findlater's heart seemed to turn over. So forthright, so fine, so simple and kindly in her loveliness.

"And to think," Mr. Sanderson muttered, "that I used to give her bull's-eyes."

A young man seated at a piano near the platform struck up the opening bars of "For Auld Lang Syne" and the audience rose noisily to their feet. Mr. Findlater knew then that he

ought never to have come. He had been crazy. Now in his confusion and distress he made a blundering effort to get past Mr. Sanderson into the gangway. And at that moment the mayor made an authoritative gesture and the audience sat down again. So that Mr. Findlater was left standing. He was a big man. He reared like a four-master out of a grey restless sea. And across that sea he and Ma Janeway looked at each other straight.

She didn't give a sign. But he knew. She was like someone shot clean through the heart, who doesn't know how to fall down.

"Lest auld acquaintance be forgot," Biff-Janey sang in her warm husky voice.

Ma Janeway became a crumpled heap on the platform.

SO MR. FINDLATER never heard what Comrade Tanks said about Jeremy Janeway or whether he said anything. He fought his way up onto the platform and lifted Ma Janeway in his arms. "And you come, too," he ordered Janey over his shoulder. Several policemen, including Sergeant Stokes, came to his assistance, and everybody was very kind and concerned and helpful. They put Ma Janeway and Biff-Janey and Mr. Findlater into a taxi. It was arranged that they were to drive straight to the hospital, and Sergeant Stokes ran back to telephone. But the moment they'd edged their way out of the Square, Mr. Findlater put his head through the window.

"London," he said.

"What's that, guv'ner?"

"I said London, and make it snappy." He dropped a ten-pound note over the man's shoulder and the taxi man said, "It's a hundred miles. But have it yer own way."

"I'd like to know what you're up to now," Biff-Janey said, "and who you think you are."

"Your Ma knows, lass," Sam said gently. "She'll tell you."

Ma Janeway was coming back to herself. Her first instinctive gesture was to right the hat which hung precariously from its hatpin over one ear. "It's all right, Ma," Findlater said, "it's me."

She turned to him. Her hard-bitten, terrier's face seemed to break to pieces. She began to cry helplessly, and Mr. Findlater put his arm around her and she yielded meekly, sobbing

★ Continued on next page

## Quilted Evening Cape

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## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 47

Lord John sighed again.

"Suppose the engagement will go on," he said. "Women so darn staunch."

"Some are," Findlater observed.

"Haven't seen George or Elinor for days. They're down in the country—"

"They would be—"

"You mean—"

Lord John stopped dead to look at his companion intently.

"You think—?"

"Leave it to George," Mr. Findlater said enigmatically.

Lord John walked on.

"Well, it's an ill wind—" he began. However it wasn't a nice thing to say and he checked himself. Besides, he didn't really believe it. He'd never really liked Elinor. But there were some things that simply weren't done. And breaking off an engagement, just because a fellow was in a spot of trouble, was one of them.

IT WAS five weeks later, on the fourth day of the trial, that Elinor and David had a quiet, dignified little talk on just that subject. The sitting room of the shabby hotel where the Grotorex family had taken up their quarters was so small and depressing that she couldn't bear to sit down, but stood silhouetted against the grimy window, looking, in her appropriate black street clothes, extraordinarily lovely.

"I had to see you today, David," she said. "Father thinks I ought to go abroad for a time—until everything blows over. And I think he's right. I do want you to understand. You do, don't you?"

"Quite," David said.

"I knew you would make it easy for me. It isn't for myself, darling."

"Of course not," David said. "A civil servant must be like Caesar's wife. And a daughter with a bankrupt father-in-law would be a very serious reproach."

"That sounds a little bitter, David."

"It isn't in the least. It's just hard common sense."

She shook her head. She wished he hadn't been quite so quiet about it. It wasn't altogether flattering. On the other hand, men of his type were supposed to keep their heads whatever their hearts were doing. The ring lay on the table where she had set it down gently with the gesture of a nurse drawing the sheet over a dead event. Now, unexpectedly, he took it up and weighed it in his hand as though he were wondering what on earth to do with it.

"It's such a dreadful time to be hurting you like this, David."

He smiled quickly.

"But I'm not hurt—I mean, not more than you'd want me to be, I'm sure."

That too was ambiguous.

"I feel a perfect beast, darling."

"Why should you? People do break engagements. You can say I did it."

"You're so fine—"

"Not in the least," he said. "Just reasonable."

There seemed nothing more to say. The whole scene had fallen unexpectedly flat. Elinor gathered up her furs and walked to the door, which he held

open for her. She made one last effort. She held out her hand and drew him to her, kissing him impulsively like a girl overcome by a generous emotion.

"Good-by. Good luck, David. Try to forget me."

"I shall," he said.

He insisted on taking her down in the drive-yourself lift which smelt horribly of cockroaches, and seeing her into a taxi. He talked about the weather and the places abroad which were possible in September. From the pavement he made her a mock-formal salute that might have been the gesture of a gallantly repressed despair. But from the rear window of the taxi she observed that he did not wait till she was out of sight.

In fact David went straight upstairs to his mother's bedroom. Lady Flavia wore a negligee that looked like one of her evening dresses in a more than casually relaxed and flowing mood. But she herself was, as she expressed it, stiff with worry.

"It's your father, David. The court rose half an hour ago. Mr. Findlater promised to telephone me. I should have insisted on our going with him. Suppose he's done something foolish again—"

"Sam wouldn't give him the chance," David said. He showed her the ring. "Returned with thanks," he said.

"Well," Lady Flavia said more cheerfully, "I hope next time you'll give it to some nice girl with guts."

"I'm not giving it to anybody. It's not been conspicuously successful. Nobody ever really liked it."

"Miss Janeway did. She hated giving it to Elinor. I was watching her."

"I must have got my imagination from you, mother." He nearly laughed. He knew what she was up to. And it was no good. "Miss Janeway," he said, "is, if you remember, engaged to one William Scofield, and no doubt they will be married soon. If you really think she liked the ring, I might send it to her as a wedding present. Or would that be tactless?"

"It would be detestable." She considered him anxiously. He looked dreadfully indifferent. She tried straightening his tie. The illusion that his tie needed straightening comforted her.

"David—couldn't you tell me now what *did* happen between you two?"

"Dearest—I couldn't. I was—let us say—drunk or delirious. Out of my mind anyway, and even if I remembered, as a perfect stuffed shirt, I should forget it. It was quite obvious that she wanted me to."

Lady Flavia sighed.

"I don't think anything is obvious."

"Some things are." He smiled down at her. "She needn't worry. I shan't make a fool of myself a second time—"

Then Lady Flavia did something that she hadn't allowed herself to do for years. She put her arms round him and held him close. At first he held himself rigid against her. And then she felt him break as he had done as a proud, unhappy little boy. He put his head down on her shoulder. But even then she did not dare to try to comfort him. ☆ To be Concluded

☆☆

## "EVERY COLD MEANT A BATTLE"

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The 'No Dosing' Way  
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soon relaxes into refreshing sleep. And by morning the worst of his cold should be over.

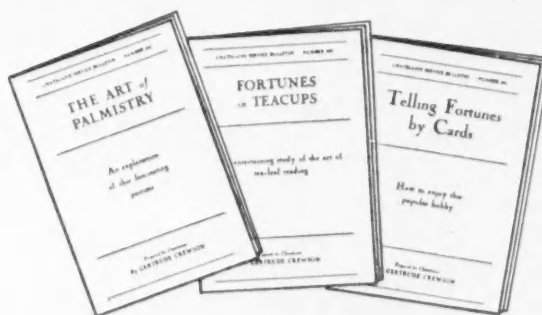
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WITH THE HELP OF THESE THREE

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An entertaining study of the art of tea-leaf reading. If you are planning a party get this Institute Bulletin No. 200 and bring new excitement with keen anticipation to your guests—price 15c.

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How to enjoy this popular hobby is explained very thoroughly in our new Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 201—price 10c.

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## The Baby Clinic

Conducted by  
Dr. J. W. S.  
McCullough

### INFANTILE DIARRHOEA



DIARRHOEA in an infant is a sign of some digestive disorder. Infants are peculiarly liable to diarrhoea. There are three reasons for this: The first is that the sterilizing power of the infant's stomach is feeble; it secretes very little hydrochloric acid, which has the effect of destroying germs. Infants are fed mainly upon milk, and milk other than that from the breast is often filled with the germs of disease, and, finally, infants are very liable to chill.

Many of the worst forms of infantile diarrhoea are due to specific micro-organisms, that is germs which set up fermentation in the food. This type of diarrhoea is more prevalent in the hot summer months, because the germs thrive best at the higher temperatures. Bad surroundings, cesspools and flies greatly favor the appearance of summer diarrhoea. There has been a remarkable reduction of summer diarrhoea of late years, due largely to the use of pasteurized milk, public education and the improvement of slum conditions. Removal of the child from dirty surroundings and boiling of the milk used—in the absence of pasteurization—have a good effect in such cases. There is too much practice of "hardening" infants and small children by the custom of sending the little ones out with legs bare up to their hips in the chill days of spring.

The acute varieties of diarrhoea are divided into the simple, the febrile and the choleraic, but these forms may merge into one another.

Simple diarrhoea is looseness of the bowels usually due to indigestion. If accompanied by fever, it is called febrile and if there are profuse watery movements, it is called choleraic. One form may pass into another. One great danger in diarrhoeas is the dehydration or loss of fluid which accompanies them. Children stand lack of food better than lack of water.

### Treatment

The two great principles of treatment in acute diarrhoeas are starvation and elimination. You must not starve longer than forty-eight hours, withhold all milk for twenty-four hours, keep the child warm and supply him with plenty of liquid such as half-strength normal saline or weak glucose solution. Then cautiously begin feeding small quantities of malted milk, dried protein milk or half-cream dried milk, any of which may be sweetened with dextrin-maltose.

Elimination is secured by washing

out the stomach with warm saline solution. This as well as the medical treatment should be in the hands of the doctor. Chronic diarrhoea should be treated by a competent medical man.

### YOUR QUESTION BOX

**Question**—What is tetany? What is its cause and what is the best treatment?—Miss J. S. L., Gardenvale, Que.

**Answer**—Tetany is a spasmodic contraction of the flexor muscles in the front of the forearm and the back of the leg. In this condition the wrist is flexed and so is the first phalanx of the finger, while the other two are extended. The thumb is tucked into the palm. The toes are flexed and curled into the soles, the heels are drawn up and the dorsum (top) of the foot is often puffy. In small children tetany is commonly due to rickets, the spasm being caused by lack of calcium in the blood. A similar condition is sometimes found in grown people. It is painful and alarming but not dangerous. Calcium lactate and cod-liver oil are the remedies.

☆☆

**Question**—My child, aged ten years, has chorea. At first she was just fidgety, but now she has become so bad that I have had to take her out of school. What can be done for her?—N.L.G., Cookstown, Ont.

**Answer**—Taking her out of school is one of the best things you could have done for your daughter. Put her in bed for six weeks, feed her well and keep visitors away. Usually cases of chorea will get well without medicine, but if she does not improve, write me again.

☆☆

**Question**—Two of my children (boys) have come home from school with their hands covered with mattery-looking stuff, very like wads of gum. It seems to be spreading. Do you think it is catching?—Mrs. N. W. G., Humboldt, Sask.

**Answer**—Your boys have a skin disease known as impetigo. It is catching but not serious. Remove the crusts and apply white precipitate ointment several times a day. Keep the lads at home for a few days, so that they will not give the disease to others. ☆



## A GOOD HABIT FOR WINTER

Treat raw weather the way they do in England . . . drink hot Bovril. It will warm you up and stimulate you without letting you down. Thousands of Canadians now drink hot Bovril daily . . . a good habit for you, too.

Don't wait until you're chilled.

# BOVRIL

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## STOP BABY'S COLD BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

DON'T LET your baby's little cold develop into something worse. Let Mrs. Geo. McBride of Scarborough tell you what to do. "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold, so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she threw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the cause of baby's trouble. Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, irritability, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given in each package.

Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. Your money back if you are not satisfied. 25 cents.

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Are your bridge parties always really successful? What about setting up the tables? Arranging players? Serving refreshments during the game? Prizes? What will you serve to eat after the morning, afternoon or evening party? All the important details in making your bridge parties successful from every point of view are given in this Institute Bulletin. 15 cents. Write

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**Bigger in all-round value!**



Here's the BIG VALUE and BIG FAVORITE for '40 . . . *the biggest car that the leader has ever built . . . and it's bigger, not only in overall size, but in all elements of worth as well.*

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But that's only half the story! New Chevrolet styling, new Chevrolet performance, new Chevrolet driving and riding ease — *new Chevrolet quality in every detail.* With the result that here's the biggest beauty-leader, the biggest performance-leader, the biggest value leader ever offered to buyers of low-priced cars—even by the builder who has won first place in motor car sales during eight out of the last nine years.

Eye it . . . try it . . . buy it . . . and *convince yourself* that "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

## ***"Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"***

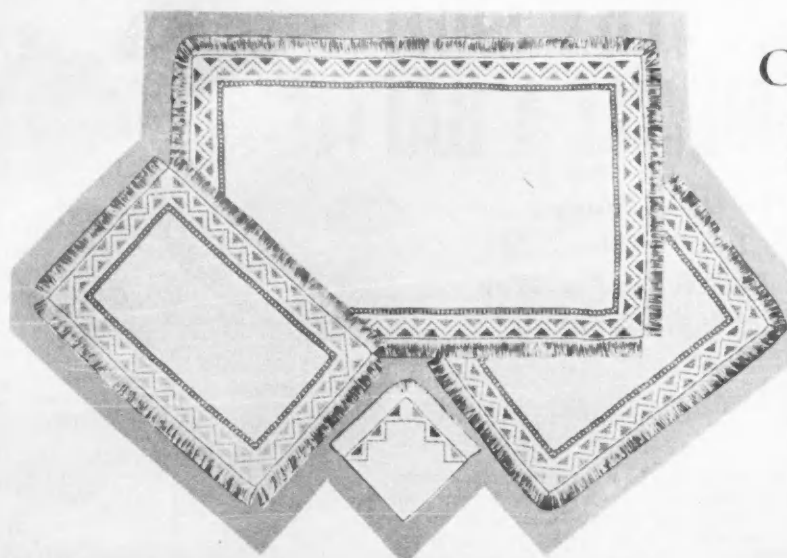
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# ***Eye It . . Try It . . Buy It!***





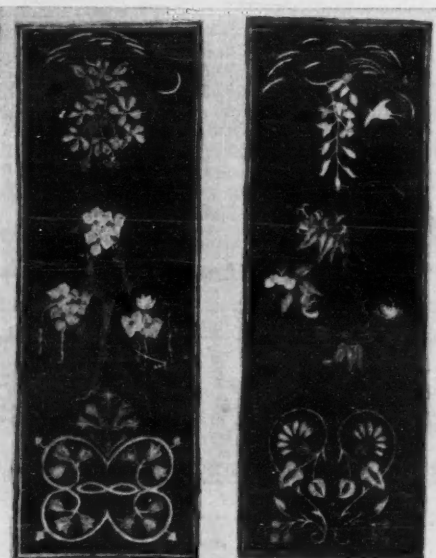
## Chatelaine Patterns Handicraft Series

By MARIE LE CERF

**C364** — Bulgarian Mats. Gaily colored mats for luncheon sets, buffet sets, occasional tables or trays. Stamped on white or cream linen, they are worked in simple cross-stitch in bright red, blue and green. The 12-inch mats (or serviettes) are two for 25 cents; 12 x 18 inch size, 20 cents each, and 18 x 27 inch size, at 45 cents. Cottons for working should be ordered according to number of mats desired—two skeins for 5 cents. Four skeins will work a small and a medium mat.



**C623** — "Three Little Maids." Tea towels with French peasant borders—of finest Irish linen, ready hemmed, size 22 x 32 inches. Price per pair, including cottons for working, 75 cents.



**C582**—Occasional mat in lovely leaf design. An artistic setting for a bowl or vase of flowers, and looks equally well for tray or small table. Stamped on white, green or cream linen, size 18 inches, it is priced at 40 cents; cotton for working in green or to match linen, 10 cents.

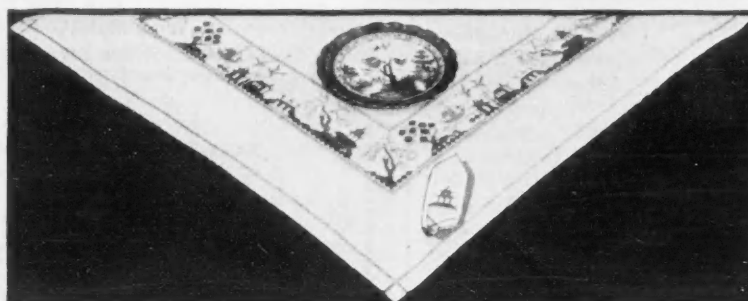
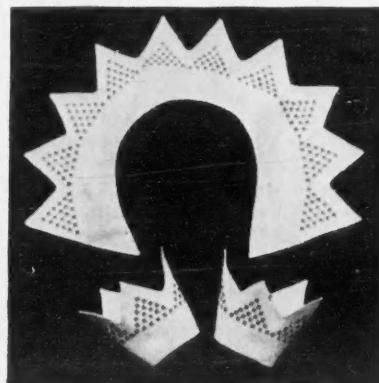
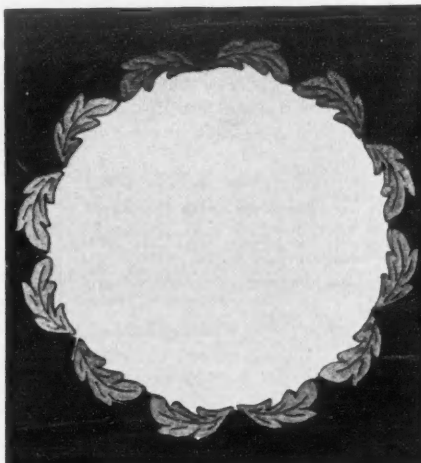
**C710**—Persian panels in exotic design. You will love working these and be simply charmed with them on the wall. Size finished about 7 x 19 inches, they are stamped on black or midnight blue taffeta silk (please state preference). With backing and cottons for working they are priced at \$1.00 per pair.

**C606**—Vandyke collar and cuff set—delightfully different and so quick and easy to work in the large cross-stitch. Stamped on white, ivory or cream linen, price, per set, 50 cents; cotton for working in color desired, 5 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add exchange. Prices include postage.

**C714** — Peacock runner in cross stitch. Particularly well designed, when worked in natural colors the peacocks are perfectly gorgeous. Stamped on heavy ivory-white or cream linen, size 20 x 45 inches, it is priced at 85 cents and cottons for working come to 30 cents.

**C337**—"Romance of the Willow" luncheon set in cross-stitch. This is quite the loveliest set we have ever seen—the complete story being beautifully portrayed in the design, which is worked in two shades of blue. Stamped on fine white or heavy cream linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at \$1.75; the 45-inch at \$2.25 the set. Cottons for working either set come to 45 cents.



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ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.



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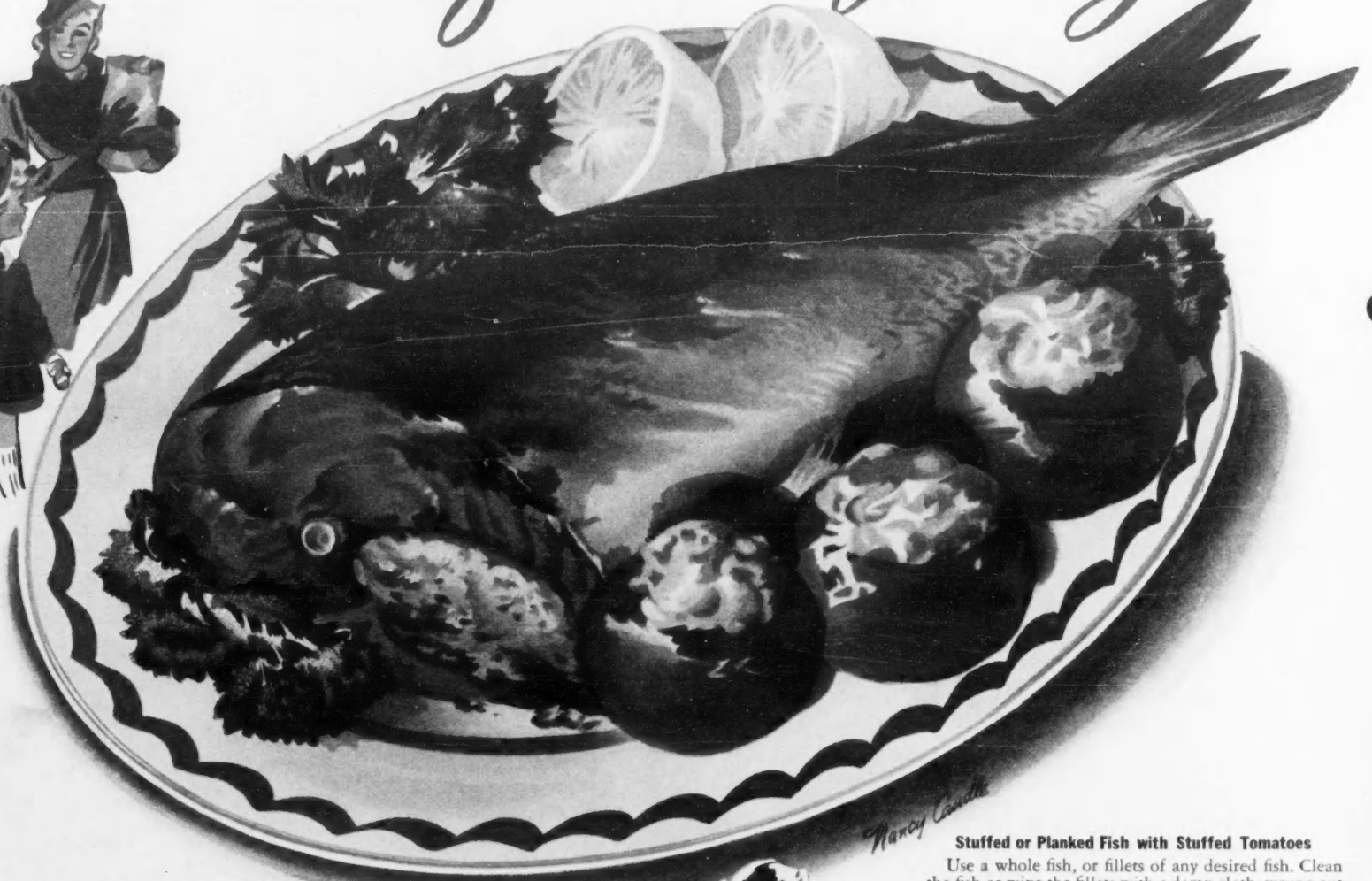
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# A treat for the family?



**H**ERE'S a simple way of solving the menu problem—serve FISH. The whole family will enjoy a scrumptious Fish dinner . . . and it's so very easy to prepare delicious Fish dishes. More than 60 different kinds of Canadian Food Fish and Shellfish, from fresh water, or from the sea, are available in some form all the year round, with all their original firmness and flavour, no matter how far you live from the water.

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DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.



## Stuffed or Planked Fish with Stuffed Tomatoes

Use a whole fish, or fillets of any desired fish. Clean the fish or wipe the fillets with a damp cloth, wrung out in cold, salted water. Salt lightly and stuff.

*Dressing:* 2 cups of soft bread crumbs; ½ can of tomato soup or ½ cup of cooked strained tomatoes; 1½ tablespoons of melted butter or fat; ½ teaspoon salt, if soup is used, or 1 teaspoon salt if cooked tomatoes are used; ½ tablespoon of onion juice; ¼ teaspoon poultry dressing.

Mix together and stuff whole fish, or place between two pieces of fillets. If a plank is used pre-heat it for 5 minutes at 400°F. Grease the plank or pan, place the stuffed fish on it, sprinkle with oil or melted fat, and bake in a 400°F. oven until the fish is cooked. Usually from 8 to 10 minutes per inch thickness of fish is sufficient. Serves 6.

The tomatoes may be stuffed with buttered bread crumbs, topped with grated cheese; or oysters make a delicious stuffing.



any day a **Fish** day

Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.

Please send me your 52-page Booklet, "100 Tempting Fish Recipes".

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